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Sport, Travel & Fiction

# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 46.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 19, 1904 Price 6d. By Post 6½d.

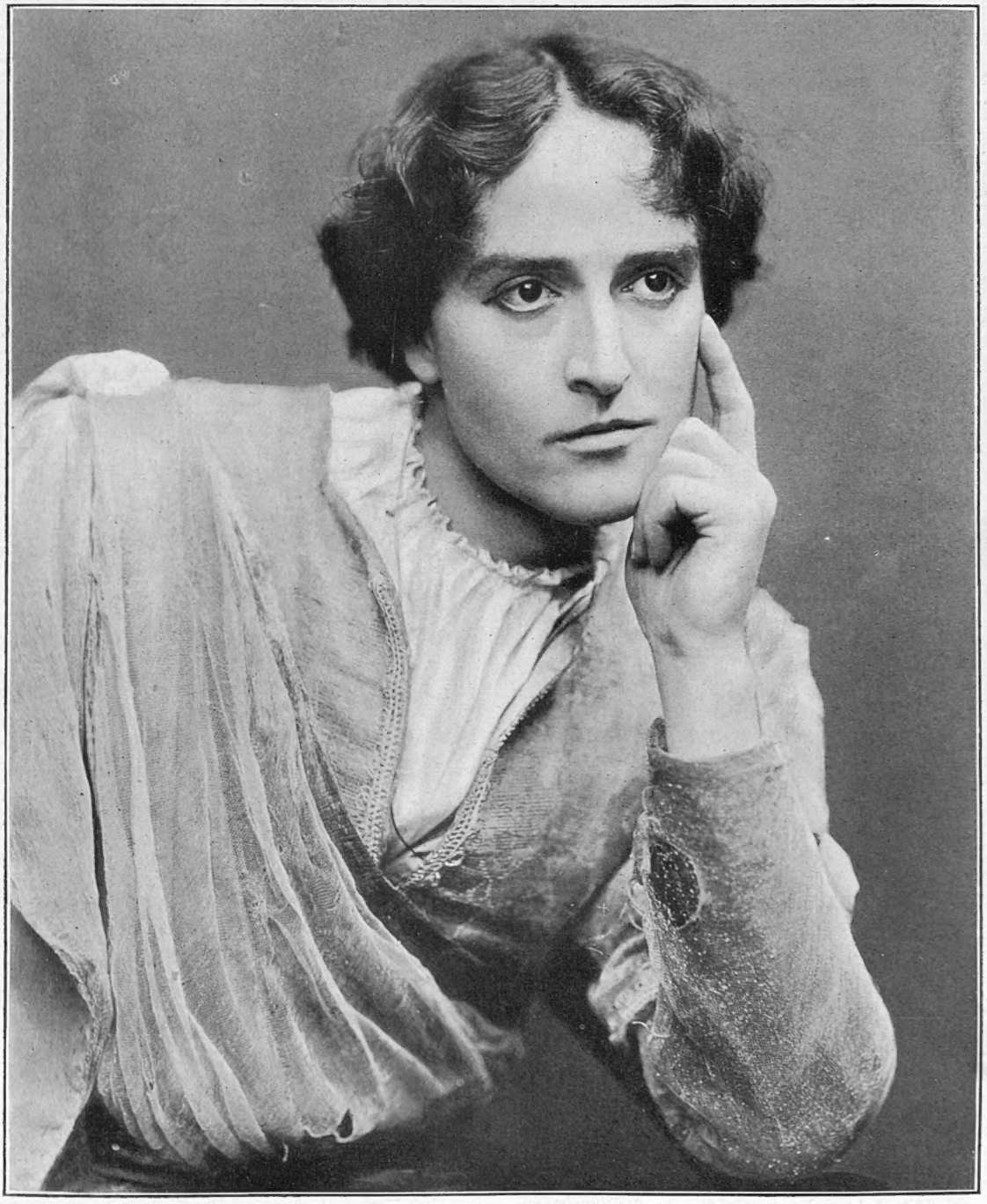

*Photo by* *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Mr. Basil Gill as Ferdinand in "The Tempest"

No. 46.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### NOVELS

"The Coming of the King." By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Farm of the Dagger." By Eden Phillpotts. (George Newnes: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Garden of Allah." By R. Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Progress of Rachel." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Bridge of Life." By Dorothea Gerrard. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Truants." By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"The Abbess of Vlaye." By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"The Wrecker" and "Treasure Island." By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell: 2*s.* net.)

"The Byways of Empire." By Mayne Lindsay. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Whosoever shall offend . . . . " By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Silent Places." By Stewart Edward White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Silver Poppy." By Arthur Stringer. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Aunt Huldah." By G. M. Cooke and A. Macgowan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Teresa of Watling Street." By Arnold Bennett. (C atto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Children of Endurance." By Lucas Cleeve. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Dream of Peace." By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"The Ring from Jaipur." By Frances M. Peard. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"The Work of George W. Joy." (Cassell: £2 2*s.* net.)

"Literary Influence in British History." The Hon. A. S. G. C. Canning. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"How to Become a Teacher." By T. W. Berry. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s.*)

"My Recollections." By Princess Radziwill. (Isbister: 16*s.*)

"Julius Cæsar," "Henry V.," "Pericles," "The Taming of the Shrew." "Favourite Classics" Series. (Heinemann: 6*d.* net.)

"Across the Great St. Bernard." By A. R. Sennett. (Bemrose: 6*s.* net.)

"Playlets." By Edith Lemin. (Samuel French: 1*s.*)

"The Golliwog in Holland." By Florence K. Upton. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal." By Gilbert Watson. (Arnold: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Dante's Purgatory and Paradise." Illustrated by Doré. (Cassell and Co.: 16*s.* net.)

"Dante's Inferno." Illustrated by Doré. (Cassell and Co.: 16*s.* net.)

"The Quiver, 1904." (Cassell and Co.: 7*s.* 6*d.*)


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# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

## London: Wednesday, October 19, 1904

Some person of an owlish disposition gravely informed us the other day, through the medium of a daily paper, that the true reason why Britons had declined in virility and were no longer what they once were was because for the last ten or fifteen years we have had a number of damp summers and winters. Fudge! This is a specimen of the amount of drivel that is commonly served up to us with our morning coffee.

* * *

Who says that our race is a decadent one? A few grumblers who have had their toes trodden upon will mumble about this country being on the downward grade, but there was never a past generation yet which had not some persons constituted to believe that the world was better in their young days than it had ever been before or since. The present generation is pretty lively enough, and quite able to hold its own. The truth is, if at the present time this country does not hold the undisputed possession of the world's trade, the fault lies, if fault there be, with the generation now passing away. They let things drift, believing that they held the monopoly of the world's markets, and it has been the present generation which has suffered through *their laissez-faire*.

* * *

If there has been any decadence in the English character at all it is among the working classes. Their gradual emigration to the life of cities has not improved their characteristics. They have retained the ignorance which ever prevented them from rising superior to toilers by the sweat of the brow, and to this they have added the vices peculiar to the cities. They neglect their own interests shamefully, or long before this there would have been a Labour Government in power; they are thriftless, and even go so far as to be heedless of the morrow. They are bad workers,

**The Bear: "Look out! I am about to attack you"**

(The Russian and Japanese methods are in direct contrast. While Japan maintains a complete silence, the whole world knows what Russia is about to do)

A Pos man at John o' Groat's

(The current number of *St. Martin's-le-Grand* states that the farther orth one goes, the bigger become the heads and feet of His Majesty's lieges. We can only imagine what the John o' Groat's postman must be like; but if he is offended, we apologise)

"A thenk a see t' joke—e-e-eh! but it's varra deep"

(*Current Literature*, of New York, says that *even Scotland* has produced some excellent humorists)

their object always being to do as little as they can for their money. They never attempt to help themselves, while gratitude for the help others give them is an unknown word in their vocabulary. It is said you cannot pillory a class because some may be bad; but the labouring man who is thrifty, sober, and honest is as rare as a white fox.

* * *

"I have been accused of a breach of good taste," says the nasty-minded buffoon, Seymour Rippingill, in Mr. Pinero's sensational "comedy in disguise," *A Wife without a Smile*. "Can there be two opinions about it?" scornfully retorts Mrs. Webbmarsh. With that lady's verdict on the egregious jigging of this puppet we are in entire accord. Mr. Pinero's rag-doll is a symbol of salaciousness, and has set every tongue wagging in amazed conjecture on this remarkable freak on the part of our premier dramatist. To make matters worse, the playwright makes us laugh in spite of ourselves, not so much at the doll and its suggestive antics at the end of the string—indeed, the first act, which is given over to the hanging of the "erotometer," as Mr. Walkley so happily puts it, is one of the most dreary and un-funny acts imaginable—the playwright, we say, makes us laugh rather at the developing situations of the farce in which this outrageous doll is so cleverly introduced as a factor in the fun.

* * *

If the piece had been dull, as it was until the

British Workman (to the Rev. R. J. Campbell): Look here, Mister, don't you say a word agin me—I'm the backbone o' the British Hempire"

Pretty Polly *(indignantly)*: "Confounded impertinence! A rank outsider, too!"

arrival of Mr. Pullinger—played in a most delightfully unctuous vein by Mr. Henry Kemble—little harm would have resulted; but to be amused in such wise that our laughter lowers ourselves in our own estimation, really, Mr. Pinero, this is not playing the game! The after-effects of this play were not pleasant for ourselves, so we must be pardoned if the after-thoughts of it are not pleasant for you. The very description, "a comedy in disguise," sets one on the alert for a possible key to the riddle. The ordinary man need have no doubts about his powers of intelligence, nor will he have missed much if he came away from Wyndham's Theatre without the slightest clue to the meaning of the piece. According to his standpoint on public morality, he might sum it up as a piece which ought never to have passed the Censor, or if he be of more easy-going characteristics, as an amusing farce with a pot-house *motif*.

These views represent the poles of opinion. Whatever view be taken, and we strongly support the former, it is interesting to cast about for possible explanations of this bad slip on Mr. Pinero's part. Once on a time Mr. Barrie made a delicate jest on the stomach, a portion of the human anatomy which is not usually referred to in polite society. There are other barred topics. Has Mr. Pinero chosen one in imitation of, or as a take-off of the humour which is Mr. Barrie's own? Again, is he attempting a heavy joke at the foibles of the British audience of the period? Is it only to be aroused from its apathy, after a heavy dinner lasting till nine o'clock, by a play which, according to the recent fashion of classifying emotions by colour, must be set down as "blue"? It is for Mr. Pinero to answer these queries if he think fit. Meantime, our sympathy goes out to that pathetic sawdust representation of an elderly female which is saddled with this burden of immorality.

**The Puppet: "Immoral! Pinerotic!! an Erotometer!!! What have *I* done?"**

# PEOPLE OF INTEREST

*Photo by* *Franzen*

**Alfonso XIII., King of Spain**

Rumours of whose engagement again form a topic of gossip

**The King of Spain**

To be actually born a King is probably without parallel in ancient or modern history, and, therefore, the young ruler of Spain may count his position unique among monarchs. For some months after his father's death, the Princess of the Asturias was acknowledged as Queen, but the title was only given to her conditionally, and she lost it upon the not live to grow up, but under the tender and discreet care of his mother, Queen Christina, the little fellow gradually attained health and strength. Of recent years he has developed a fine, strong will of his own, and, as motoring is his latest passion, it was with great difficulty that he was dissuaded a little while ago from making a long tour in his favourite car, a

*Photo by* *Hënschl*

**The Duchess Marie Antoinette**

Mentioned in connection with the rumoured engagement of the King of Spain

appearance of her baby brother. During the last few years any number of princesses have been mentioned as his future bride, though he seems, to quote the words of the familiar Scotch ditty, "ower young to marry yet," as he has barely passed his eighteenth birthday. The latest rumour, however, really sounds like probable fact. The Duchess Marie Antoinette comes of the Catholic branch of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin family, and is first cousin to the reigning Duke, and also to the Grand Duchess Cecilie, recently betrothed to the German Crown Prince, while Prince Henry of the Netherlands is her uncle. The young King of Spain was, in his childhood, very delicate, and it was feared at one time that he would

*Photo by* *Layfayette*

**Cora, Lady Strafford**

suggestion which greatly disturbed the equanimity of his ministers. We can only hope that His Majesty's beloved pastime may have a good effect on the Spanish roads, which are, perhaps, the worst in Europe. It will be remembered that King Alphonso's minority ended on his sixteenth birthday, the same age at which his grandmother, Queen Isabella, took upon herself the task of sovereignty.

**Lady Strafford**

Cora, Lady Strafford, like another of her compatriots, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, has been married three times. When first she came to England, as Mrs. Colgate, a charming American widow, she won the heart of the late Lord Strafford, and their wedding took place with great magnificence

in 1898. Their married life was, however, of the briefest, as five months later the bridegroom met his death with tragic suddenness, and in the December of last year his widow married Mr. Kennard. She is always exquisitely dressed, and has started two fashions which have proved very popular among Society women. One is the wearing of the upstanding aigrette in the hair, and another, the using of a riviere of precious stones, not as a necklace, but strung across the front of the bodice.

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**A Beautiful Englishwoman**

Mrs. Cecil Powney, a Society leader, who has organised many *fêtes* and *tableaux vivants* in aid of charity

### The Rev. R. J. Campbell

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, who wrote a trenchant article on the character of the British working-man in the *National Review*, has been bitterly reviled in consequence by the "friends of labour." The Pastor of the City Temple, in the course of his article, described the majority of working-men as lazy, improvident, unthrifty, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed, and untruthful. Who is there having dealings with the working-man willing to contradict this statement? It is not often we find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Campbell, but for once we do heartily. The working-classes are not only all the reverend gentleman has described them as, but are hopelessly ignorant as well. That is why the working-man, who is keen enough after beer or a tip for a winner, neglects his own interests and is made the tool of any unscrupulous person who has an axe to grind.

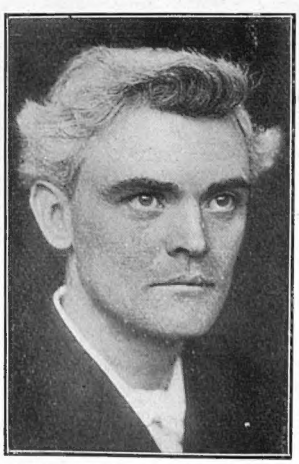

*Photo by* *Beresford*

**The Rev. R. J. Campbell**

Whose trenchant criticisms on the British working-man's idleness and penchant for beer has raised a storm in East-end circles

*Photo by* *Elliott and Fry*

**The late Colonel John Anstruther Thomson**

One of the old school of sportsmen, and perhaps the most prominent of fox-hunting celebrities during the Victorian era

### "Jack" Thomson

By the death of Colonel John Anstruther Thomson, which occurred on Saturday, October 8, one of the last links with the golden age of fox-hunting is broken. Born in 1818, he devoted the best years of his life to the Chase, and both in the Atherstone country and his native county of Fife his name will long be honoured as that of a sportsman and country gentleman of the very best type. It was with the Pytchley Hounds, however, that the deceased gentleman reached the highest pinnacle of fame, in spite of his period of Mastership extending over five seasons only. Yielding to the entreaties of his friend and neighbour, Whyte Melville, he commenced his glorious term of office in 1864, and two years later his prowess and huntsmanship in the great Waterloo run set the whole world talking. Standing 6ft. 3in. minus his boots, "Jack" Thomson was indeed a notable figure, though the warmest admirer of his skill in riding to hounds could hardly style him an elegant horseman. His was a curious seat on a horse, his stirrups being

*Photo by* *Langfier*

**Miss Eileen Collingwood-Denny**

Grand-daughter of Admiral Lord Collingwood, who was second in command at the Battle of Trafalgar. This fair and sturdy descendant of the great Admiral was born October 21, the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar

always very short, and appearing to be of unequal length. With the other "Jack," Parson Russell, Colonel Anstruther Thomson shared the distinction of the foremost place among fox-hunting celebrities of the Victorian era.

### Lord Milner's Rumoured Resignation

The rumour that Lord Milner is shortly to resign gives politicians the opportunity of reading more between the lines than appears in print. His latest policy of Chinese labour has incensed the white population of South Africa against him, excepting, of course, the mine-owners, while, on the other hand, the results have not been all that the owners hoped for, Chinese labour proving inefficient and unsatisfactory. Cheap labour being requisite the High Commissioner suggests a refined method of enslaving the Kaffirs (who richly deserve the worst that can be done to them, being the very dregs of humanity), but, when all is said and done, there is a shred of the British Constitution left which must be respected. Lord Milner is a quiet man, with a convincing method of address, but he is essentially a bureaucrat, and has no more sympathy in his composition than a fly. Nor, when all is said, have most other great administrators, their task, we suppose, not being congenial to its existence.

### Kubelik's Recital

Those who had booked in advance for Herr Kubelik's recital last week must have congratulated themselves on their forethought, though that did not save them from the necessity of elbowing their way through the dense crowd of the improvident who sought to carry Queen's Hall by storm, and were being repelled with heavy loss by a bored but patient box-office. Once one arrived inside, however, the concert proved to be of the brightest. The popular violinist was looking very well after his American tour, and was received with acclaim by a delighted audience. He opened the season by playing Max Bruch's first concerto in exquisite style, and was afterwards heard to great advantage in two new Spanish dances by Senor Fernandez Arbos. The programme owed a great deal of its success to Herr W. Backhaus's delightful pianoforte solos, and was brought to a triumphant conclusion with Weiniawski's brilliant Polonaise and Paganini's well-known "*Nel cor piu non mi sento*" variations, which afforded Herr Kubelik an excellent opportunity of demonstrating his marvellous technique. Herr Kubelik, by his marriage last year with the widow of Count Czaky, seems to have made himself more popular than ever, for there is surely no one who has not heard of the charming Countess and the famous twins. The lynx-eyed may have caught a glimpse of her; it is certain she was present at the concert, and so also was Miss Marie Hall, who has been fortunate in making a complete recovery after her severe illness.

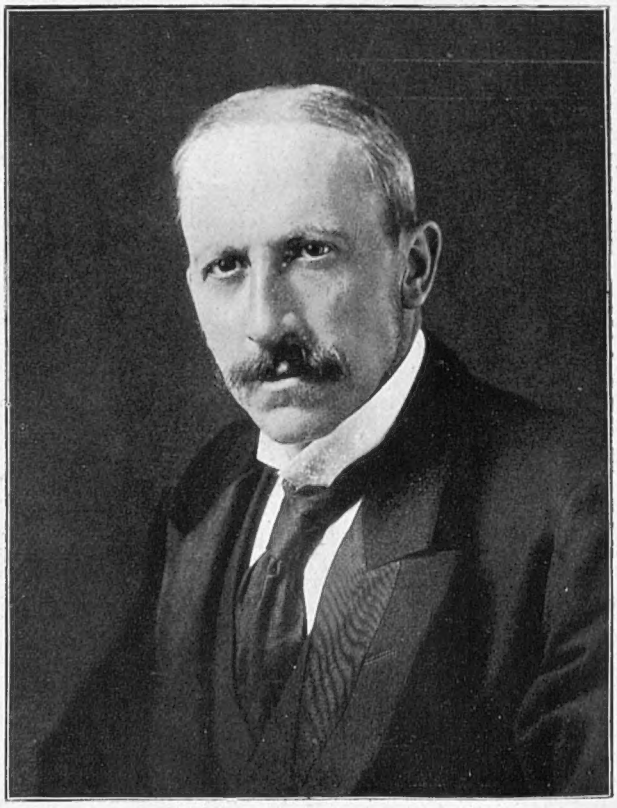

*Photo by* *Esmé Collings*

**Lord Milner**

With whose retirement from the High Commissionership of South Africa rumour has been exceedingly busy of late

An Impression of Jan Kubelik

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS SANTUZZA IN "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"

Mrs. Brown-Potter, undaunted by the failure of *The Golden Light*, made a second venture at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday with a dramatic version of *Cavalleria Rusticana*

*A STUDY, BY MORTIMER MENPES, SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE BYSTANDER"*

### A Great Lady Traveller

Miss Isabella Bird, known in private life as Mrs. Bishop, who died October 7, in Edinburgh, in her seventy-second year, was always a writer of more than ordinary virility and interest. She travelled for three years in Korea, China, and Siberia, and published most comprehensive and graphic accounts of her journeyings, works of value alike to the geographer, philanthropist, and horticulturist. Miss Bird was born, in 1832, at Boroughbridge Hall, Yorkshire, educated at home; but always being of an inquiring mind and roving temperament, and having independent means, she began her travels when only twenty-two years of age. For nearly ten years America was her hunting-ground, but later she spent eight years in Asia, where her medical mission work has been of much value, and she had built five hospitals and established an orphanage. Miss Bird married Dr. John Bishop in 1881, but being left a widow five years later, she again started on her wanderings, and in 1901 rode a thousand miles in Morocco and over the Atlas Mountains. She delivered many lectures before the geographical and other societies, and, besides being F.R.G.S. and Hon. F.R.S.G.S., was an honorary member of the Oriental Society, and her books are all most interestingly illustrated with her own photographs. Among the many books she published may be mentioned, "The Englishwoman in America," 1856, and "Among the Tibetans," 1894. She was not only a great traveller, but a great philanthropist, and took the keenest interest in any scheme for the improvement of the conditions under which the people lived.

*Photo by* *Garstin and Antrobus*

**The late Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird)**

The famous lady traveller and author

*Photo by* *Donald*

**Free Trade and the Federal Parliament**

Mr. G. H. Reid, Prime Minister and Free Trade Leader (seated), and Mr. Sidney Smith, Postmaster-General

# PARISIANA :

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

## THE BRAND NEW CAFÉ

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

### What can the matter be?"

Something wrong with the chasseurs, with the waiters, with the maîtres-d'hôtel, with the managers, and with the proprietors of those cafés in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gare Montparnasse. As I watch them, standing moodily about the terraces, I am tempted frivolously to sing, "O dear, what can the matter be?" But so plain, so genuine is the depression that I dismiss my desire as unseemly and impertinent, and remain, considerately, silent. All of us silent. The staffs of the cafés (only a few yards apart) musing, and myself marvelling at their musing. Bankruptcy? Notice to quit? A bad, bad day at the races? Again I take stock of the staffs of these cafés, and perceive that all eyes are turned wistfully upon a great white building opposite. The newest of buildings, equipped with the most modern "improvements." And then, all of a sudden, I guess the reason of the depression. On the basement of that great white building will shortly be thrown open to the public a brand new café, which will eclipse, which may ruin, all the other cafés in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gare Montparnasse. The peril is near, the peril is imminent. No use hoping that the brand new café will be abandoned, nor that the inauguration ceremony may be indefinitely postponed. All has gone well with the brand new café. Skilled, brilliant workmen have been employed to create this brand new café. Achieved, achieved! What wonder that the chasseurs, the waiters, the maîtres-d'hôtel, the managers, and the proprietors look preoccupied and wistful as they read their rival's vast, ornamental announcement

CAFÉ DUMESNIL
OUVERTURE; MERCREDI.

Certainly, the situation is grave. It stands to reason that M. Dumesnil will seek to draw away the clientèle of the old, dim cafés. They *are* old and they *are* dim, these cafés; and how much dimmer will they appear when M. Dumesnil's great electric globes blaze and blaze, and when the globes are reflected in the handsome mirrors!

### Sympathy for the Doomed

My heart goes out to the staffs of the threatened cafés. I am gentle in my request for iced lemon squash, and liberal with my pourboires, and punctilious in my bon jour; and never, never do I omit to raise my hat to the managers. As Wednesday, black Wednesday, M. Dumesnil's great opening day, approaches, I pass hours in the Montparnasse cafés. The gloom is greater. Always on their terraces, the waiters stare moodily across at the Dumesnil announcement. Also, the drinkers are interested; and I could cuff that bourgeois who loudly declares that Dumesnil's is going to be "magnificent," and smite even harder that other tactless, heartless creature who informs the manager joyously that Dumesnil has promised to provide a tzigane orchestra.

"Always on their terraces, the waiters stare moodily at the Dumesnil announcement"

### Music in Montparnasse

A blow, that. Music in Montparnasse! Dumesnil will announce that the only band in the neighbourhood performs in his own café! And the habitués of the

old cafés will say, "Allons entendre la musique." And the habitués will troop to Dumesnil's under the very eyes of the managers and waiters. And, from over the way, the managers and waiters will hear the exhilarating, intoxicating, strains of M. Dumesnil's orchestra. The terrace where I am sitting will be empty. No doubt, a mist before the eyes of the manager, an ache in the hearts of the waiters. Packed, the Dumesnil terrace. Overflowing, the Dumesnil café. And the chasseurs, the waiters, the maîtres-d'hôtel, the managers, and the proprietor of the Dumesnil establishment in ecstasies.

"I can hear them demanding 'Les Illustrés,' and see the 'Illustrés' being borne swiftly across the café by smart young waiters"

### Turncoats

Nor do I believe that the dull, dreary écarté, back gammon, manille, piquet, and billiard players will remain true to the unhappy cafés. They are accustomed to their tables, to their corners—but Dumesnil's tables and Dumesnil's corners may prove even more attractive and comfortable. And then—will not Dumesnil's billiard tables be new, and his cards new, and his games brand new? Alas, moth have made a home in the other billiard tables; and the cards are greasy, and the games are chipped and scarred in the other cafés.

### All the Illustrateds

Again, those pokey old gentlemen whose one delight in life is to pore over the illustrated papers: will they remain faithful to their cafés? Dumesnil, I feel sure, will procure every illustrated journal in the land, and many copies of each, so that his clients may not have to wait and wait. Yes, the pokey old gentlemen will also cross over to Dumesnil the lavish, Dumesnil the amazing, Dumesnil the Man, who brought Music to Montparnasse. I can hear them demanding "Les Illustrés," and see the "Illustrés" being borne swiftly across the café by smart young waiters. Old and weary and slow are the waiters in the other cafés. Alas, alas, the other cafés have no earthly chance, the other cafés will be surpassed in everything by the brand new café. And I could almost weep at the sad, touching spectacle of the chasseurs, the waiters, the maîtres-d'hôtel, the managers, and proprietors doing their utmost to please their customers,—bowing at and smiling upon their customers,—in the vain hope of keeping them to themselves and away from the lavish, amazing, and musical Dumesnil.

. . . . . .

It is all as I foresaw it.

Indeed, the triumph is even greater than I anticipated.

### A Successful Première

Wednesday night; and the Dumesnil terrace packed, the Dumesnil café overflowing, with the inhabitants of Montparnasse. A vast, brilliant café: as on the Grands Boulevards. Electric fans, to clear the air. Flying to and fro, smart young waiters. Two telephones; six brand new billiard tables, and the tzigane orchestra playing exhilarating, intoxicating melodies. Magnificence in Montparnasse! Even fashion in Montparnasse! And on all sides I hear tributes to the enterprise, the generosity, the genius of M. Dumesnil. No doubt, on the square opposite, a statue will be raised of M. Dumesnil: so grateful, so delighted are the patrons of his café. Perhaps M. Dumesnil will be decorated through the recommendation of the deputy of the quarter. Who knows, who knows—the appearance of the great man may even be welcomed by loud, enthusiastic cries of "Vive Dumesnil!"

### The Triumph of Dumesnil

Ere taking my leave I survey the farther end of the café; and there, at tables, écarté and piquet and backgammon and manille players, and there also, in comfortable corners, pokey old gentlemen bent over the illustrated papers. And I know them all. I have seen them many and many a time—opposite.

Again: it is all as I foresaw it.

When once I find myself on the pavement I glance across at the old, dim cafés, a dozen of them, which have sheltered the Montparnasse people for years and years. A harrowing spectacle! Empty, the cafés; and on the terraces, only four or five forlorn customers. But the chasseurs and waiters and maîtres-d'hôtel and managers and proprietors are there, and silently and wistfully they look across at the crowded terrace, the blaze of electricity, the flying, busy waiters, the brilliance and splendour of the brand new café of M. Dumesnil.

A SOUND BUSINESS FACT

The Sentimental Man: "I can't understand a young fellow like Smith marrying a woman old enough to be his mother"

His Practical Friend: "My tear boy, when a man's hard up and vants to cash a bank note, he don't trouble to look at the date of it!"

# In Frivolous Mood

Mr. Chamberlain recently held a meeting at Luton, and once again received support from a number of men of straw.

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The London cigar makers are still on strike. There should, however, be little privation amongst them. Their expert knowledge should, for instance, fit them admirably for the handling of cabbages at Covent Garden.

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Dr. J. A. Dowie is having an airship made for himself. It is suggested that, in order to inflate the bags, he will give an address in their immediate vicinity.

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The children of an Ohio school have been withdrawn because they were taught that the world was round, whereas, according to the parents, it is flat. We suppose this is what is called a flat contradiction.

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*Apropos* of Thanet, Mr. King referred to that constituency as his bride, which he said he was courting.

But, as is usual in such cases, it was the man who knew most about courts who won.

Artificial trees for table decoration are at present the rage on the Continent, and a contemporary states that so great a demand is there abroad that the commodity is unobtainable in London. It is unkindly suggested, however, in one quarter, that if anyone wants an artificial tree he has only to visit His Majesty's Theatre.

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A girl has been discovered in Russia who possesses "X Ray" eyes. It is rumoured that she will shortly be engaged by the Tsar in order to assist him in seeing through the designs of some of his Ministers.

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A Hereford bookseller includes, under the heading of "Popular Fiction," the following :

1002. Balfour (Rt. Hon. A. J.). The Foundations of Belief. 4*s.* 6*d.* 1901.

Really, what with Mr. Chamberlain and the Welsh Revolt we should have thought that Mr. Balfour had already enough to worry him !

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We begin to suspect the actuality of the *Entente Cordiale*. Only the other day 160 doctors were dispatched from Paris, bound for these shores.

*Photo by* *Wickens*

**The Private Theatre at Anglesey Castle**

Where the Marquis of Anglesey, in the *rôle* of actor-manager, "put on" his pantomimes and plays with such lavish expenditure

## Corrected Impressions

AT SCHOOL

"I say, Pike, lend us a bob." "Awfully sorry; can't." "I say, do lend us sixpence, Pike, old chap." "I'm beastly sorry, Griffin, I'm stony."

THE GRIFFIN (to BURKE): "I say, Burke, lend us a bob." "All right, old chap, till Monday." "I say, Burke, you're a jolly decent chap. Young Pike's an awful skunk; I simply bar him." "What for?" "Oh, he's as poor as a rat. He wouldn't lend me a cent; you're a ripper, old man." "What's his guv.?" "I don't know; some beastly doctor, or something. Mine's a General; what's yours?" "Mine's a brewer." "Oh, but there are lots of decent brewers, ain't there?" "Oh, rather." "I say, come along and kick the swine, and then we'll go down to Mother Gamp's." "Right, oh!"

AFTER TEN YEARS.—THE PARK

THE GRIFFIN (*of Sandhurst, to his sister*): "I say, Moll, see that chap?" "Yes, Griff." "That's the Duke of Forecastle! Awfully jolly chap; huge pal of mine at school; his name was Pike." (*The Duke passes, but does not bow.*)

MISS GRIFFIN: "He seems to forget you, Griff." "Oh, rather not; he's a jolly shy beggar." (*A fat boy of twenty-two rides past, and bows.*)

MISS GRIFFIN: "Who's that, Griff?" "Oh, a beastly brewer, called Burke; a bounder. Awful cheek, his bowing."

BURKE (*to himself*): "By George, that's the pup I lent a bob to!"

FAIR CUSTOMER: "I notice you are all French waiters here"
VERY SHORT WAITER: "Yees, Madame."
F. C.: "But you understand English much better than the others?"
V. S. W.: "Ah! yees, madame. I am ze longest waiter 'ere"

# At the Imperial Theatre

## "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT"

Mr. Lewis Waller's latest venture at the Imperial Theatre is an historical melodrama. It is a success. The pessimist might scent in these two statements the immutable laws of cause and effect. He might not, without plausibility, advance the theory that *His Majesty's Servant* is a success because it is historical melodrama. In the playful spirit of antithesis he might even quote an able article on the French stage by Mr. John F. Macdonald in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The French stage, according to Mr. Macdonald, is a reflex of contemporary French life. The more faithfully a play is modelled on the daily happenings of M. et Mme. Jacques Bonhomme the more consistently do that excellent playgoer and his wife, and their friends and their wives, direct their footsteps towards the theatre in which is being given the play which confronts them with themselves.

The English stage, our pessimist might proceed to argue, exists by reason of its untruthfulness to contemporary English life. The farther removed a play from the conditions of modern English life, the greater its chances of success. He might drive this argument home, if he could find a victim, by laying the blame for this state of affairs on the prevailing doctrine that the function of the theatre is to amuse. A people is not amused by its own antics. They prefer the puppets which cause them entertainment to possess alien characteristics.

**Mr. Lewis Waller**

Geoffrey Mohun, sent over as an envoy from the Hague by Charles Stuart, adopts the *rôle* of a Frenchman as a disguise

And, provided that he engage the patient attention of his audience to the end, (I refer him to a playgoing club where the wildest theories are heard in patience by members whose love for the drama transcends their capacity for being bored)—provided he light upon such an audience, our imaginary lecturer might further illustrate his point by reference to the undoubted appreciation with which *His Majesty's Servant* is received. Historically, it is separated from modern times by two and a half centuries; being melodrama it bears no relation to the conditions of contemporary manners and customs.

The first popular note is struck by the massive trunk and deep umbrage of the oak in Boscobel Wood. Familiarity with this historical tree makes no demands upon the deep erudition which distinguished Macaulay's schoolboy from all his mates. Like Alfred's burnt cakes and Cromwell's bauble, the Royal Oak in Boscobel Wood obsesses the public mind to the detriment of the Peace of Utrecht.

The audience, with a titillation of pleasure at the appearance of their old friend the Royal Oak, settle down with a diverting apprehension of thrills to come, to a consideration of the dramatic incidents which follow upon Charles' escape from the Roundheads.

After having set the play in its place, and robbed it of possible pretensions, it is only fair to state that it is exceedingly well constructed. The action is quick. One event follows upon another, and each, however picturesque and exciting in itself, is no digression,

but brings the story a step forward to its legitimate conclusion.

Charles descends from the oak with no little agility to find a friend in need in Geoffrey Mohun, play-actor and Royalist—useful proclivities both. In his latter *rôle* he is naturally in sympathy with the Royal fugitive; in the former he is an adept at quick changes, and whenever things are going contrariwise to Charles Stuart, the faithful Mohun is ready to exchange with him his clothes and his personality. Another exchange is fraught with even greater peril, for Mohun bandies words of cool disdain against the passionate declarations of a lady who has fallen a victim to his charms. Her scorn, greater than the furies of hell, lands him in most unenviable positions, and entitles her to dispute the palm of wickedness with "The Worst Woman in London." A bad woman is the upstay of melodrama. Her thoroughness keeps the villain up to the mark, and the plot from flagging. General Lambert is the villain of the piece. Damaris Holden, the lady of the unrequited love, becomes his mistress, and the two, between them, contrive to make things lively for Mohun and, incidentally, for Charles Stuart.

After the precarious shelter of the oak, Charles seeks more permanent shelter at the Hague, and in Act II. (nine years later) he sends his faithful envoy, Mohun, to reconnoitre in England. Mohun, from his professional training, finds little difficulty in impersonating a Frenchmen, and by the wise dispensation of melodramatic law, arrives at the book shop of honest John Holden (he is a Royalist), with whose niece, Lettice, he had previously made acquaintance in Boscobel Wood. Their meeting in the first act was portrayed in the delicate spirit of badinage which the least experienced playgoer cannot mistake for the budding of a great passion. The marplot is, of course, Damaris (Holden's niece). She comes to repent of her dalliance with Lambert in white satin, with a green velvet cloak and a black picture hat. I give this masculine impression of a fetching costume with the confidence begotten of the knowledge that this screed of mine is not to be rounded off by a technical description by "our lady correspondent." Once more the playgoer, drawing upon an experience dating anterior to the advent of "emotional gowns," is able to pierce the deception of a fair penitent garbed in a gown which is neither shabby nor black.

**Miss Pollie Emery**
As Biddy the orange woman

Damaris, having won the confidence of everybody, excepting the audience, proceeds, after a most cursory examination, to add to her grasp of affairs by overhearing things from behind a nook of the ingle. She emerges fully conversant with the Royalist plots on foot, and demands from the wretched Mohun that he father the lie of having wronged her in Boscobel Wood as the price of her refraining from blowing the gaff—this figure of speech I use in mild protest against the ultra-modern, and even American, expressions with which the piece is besprinkled.

Mohun, in a very effective scene, pays the price, and consequently loses the confidence of his lady love until Act III., Scene 2.

Not content with this villainy, Damaris despatches *Eikôn Basiliké* to Charles—a preconcerted signal—which bring the Royal fugitive to his native shores before the time is ripe and General Monk has quite made up his mind. To complete her schemes of revenge, she betrays the hapless Mohun to the Roundheads, thus giving an impetus to the plot, which carries it safely to the fourth act. On Mohun's escape from captivity through the ministrations of Biddy, the orange woman, and on the final straightening of this tangle, space forbids me to dwell. A good melodrama possesses ramifications of plot, to which justice cannot be done in an article which does not "continue in our next."

The acting in this historical melodrama calls for little comment. Mr. Lewis Waller was picturesque in bearing, and his light comedy is always pleasing. Miss Millard, whom it is a delight to welcome back to the stage after her absence, has not lost her old winning manner. Miss Darragh, as the bad wench, Damaris, clipped her words, and, if such a harsh word can be used of a feminine player, was inclined to rant, but she held the stronger scenes together with a steady grip.

Mr. Norman McKinnel made General Lambert a lugubrious villain enough. We could have wished to see more of Charles II. Mr. H. V. Esmond's make-up was splendid, and his conception of the *rôle* a pleasant departure from conventional lines.

E. C. S.

**John Holden** *(Mr. A. E. George)* — **Charles Stuart** *(Mr. H. V. Esmond)* — **Damaris Holden** *(Miss Darragh)* — **Geoffrey Mohun** *(Mr. Lewis Waller)* — **Lettice** *(Miss Evelyn Millard)*

**The Royal Oak in Boscobel Wood**

Charles Stuart has descended from the oak, and is taking a much-needed bite and sup with friends who are staunch to the Royalist cause—viz., John Holden, the old bookseller; Geoffrey Mohun, the play-actor; and Lettice, whose father was killed fighting for the Royal cause at Worcester. Mohun and Charles have exchanged costumes in order to facilitate the latter's escape

*Photos by* *A. Ellis and Walery*

**John Holden** *(Mr. A. E. George)* — **Mohun (disguised as a Frenchman)** *(Mr. Lewis Waller)* — **Biddy** *(Miss Pollie Emery)* — **Sir Ralph Ingram** *(Mr. Frank Dyall)*

**Biddy, the orange woman's, clever ruse**

Biddy, played in most rollicking style by Miss Pollie Emery, is a low-comedy character, who, as is customary in melodrama, is of immense assistance to the hero in the various plights in which he finds himself. The scene illustrated above represents Biddy's ruse to deliver an important letter to Mohun, who is disguised as a Frenchman. Sir Ralph Ingram, a Parliamentarian, scents a plot, and falls into the trap of bidding up to fifteen guineas for Biddy's letter, which turns out to be merely a receipt for oranges. The real missive she contrives to give to Mohun

**SCENES FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE**

# CONCERNING MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

*(NO. 46 OF THE SERIES)*

Playgoers who have playgone with any regularity in the course of the past twenty years will have seen their George Alexander in many different kinds of clothes. Clothes are notoriously a strong point with him; and there is scarcely any known variety of stage-play in which he has not figured, and to advantage, in appropriate costume. They will have seen him in almost every sort of modern garb, in uniform, in doublet and hose, in knee-breeches and ruffles, in armour, even in royal ermine; in the rags of Villon, the tights of Orlando, and the minutely correct dress of the unfortunate Mr. Tanqueray. But he has not appeared in kilts—unless you count his Macduff at the Lyceum—since the days when he wandered south from the Caledonian wilds that his childhood knew. For Mr. Alexander is a Scot. The truth must be told, bitter as it will prove to those honest English readers who wince anew at every fresh demonstration of the power of the Celtic spirit. One after another, in this age of personal journalism, the best and bravest in the land have had their inheritance of Scots or Irish blood publicly proclaimed, and what used to be the fringe seems likely to become the whole fabric. The shrinking remnant of Anglo-Saxondom is governed by Mr. Balfour, defended by Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, spiritually led by Dr. Davidson and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and fed by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Lockhart. Seeking the purification of its emotions in the theatre, it is confronted by its prime favourite, Mr. George Alexander Gibb Samson, the son of an Ayrshire man, reared and educated in Stirling and Edinburgh.

Mr. Stead had not discovered the theatre in the days of Mr. Alexander's nonage, and it would be idle to pretend that he received encouragement in his dramatic ambitions from his father. Mr. Samson was a stern Presbyterian. The art to which his son wished to devote himself was, to him, a peculiarly aggravated form of sin. Desiring for the young and tender George a spiritual atmosphere untainted by any breath of wrong, he launched him upon a commercial career, sending him to London to gain his grounding in the exalted principles which govern the existence of the business man.

This was not, perhaps, the wisest thing that could have been done in the circumstances. Influences from the forbidden world of the stage stole subtly into the mind of the susceptible youth. To speak more plainly, he went to the theatre nearly every night of his life, and devoted his time largely to private theatricals.

It was not, however, until he had come to enjoy considerable success in the world of London amateurs that Mr. Alexander took his plunge. He took it in the direction of Nottingham, where he made his first professional appearance in 1879, being twenty-one years of age at the time. It was *The Snowball*, Mr. Sydney Grundy's play.

His provincial experience was not a long one, his future being secured when he joined the Mr. Henry Irving of those days, and made a success as Caleb Deecie in *Two Roses*. He was soon recognised as the man to succeed William Terriss as a permanent member of the Lyceum company, and for eight pleasant and formative years he followed the fortunes of Sir Henry.

In his time Mr. Alexander has played many parts, and of all kinds. He began with the old-fashioned Victorian comedy. He has since played in the finest flower of modern drama of that class of which *Lady Windermere's Fan* may be taken as the supreme example. He has acted in tragedy, from *Macbeth* at the Lyceum to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—the greatest and worthiest of all his enterprises as a manager. Farce has been by no means beneath him. It was his choice when he began independent management, and he has worked through the rough-and-tumble of pieces such as *Doctor Bill*, as well as in the more exquisite fooling of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He has appeared in melodrama; even in such a fine and fruity specimen of its class as *London Day by Day*.

Of late the historical play, and its near relation, the Zenda play, have marked him for their own. Zenda plays are plays which have, like historical plays, Kings in them, as well as a little fighting and a good deal of uniform. They are distinguished from historical plays by having the present day as their period. This makes it a little simpler for the audience, which is the great consideration. Other things being equal, a play with trousers in it will be more popular than a play with trunk-hose, breeches, or togas; for the public has, in these latter times, discovered that the contemplation of trousers interferes less with the harmonious working of digestion than the contemplation of garments making some slight call on the faculty of imagination.

Besides, the trousers of Mr. Alexander are things worthy of the undivided attention of all who are privileged to behold them. His clothes, as it was said at the outset, are a strong point with him. Even in the exceptionally difficult matter of always having the right collar, Mr. Alexander is unerring. He is one of the best-dressed men on earth. Even when he is playing in the costumes of long ago one has an instinctive feeling of this. One felt sure that his armour in the final act of *If I Were King* was just the right armour for the occasion and time of day.

He has a power of discovering talent which has served him well, and a power of attracting the favourable notice of playgoing womankind that has served him better. He has an almost miraculous faculty for avoiding managerial mistakes, and is, as a consequence, one of the most solidly successful men in his profession. He is also one of the best-hearted.

"The Court of St. James"

# Some Historic Homes of England,

*Photo by* *Valentine*

Skibo Castle owned by Mr. Evan Charles Sutherland, leased by Mr. Carnegie

*Photo by* *Orr*

Battle Abbey, owned by Sir Augustus Webster, leased by Mr. M. P. Grace, of New York

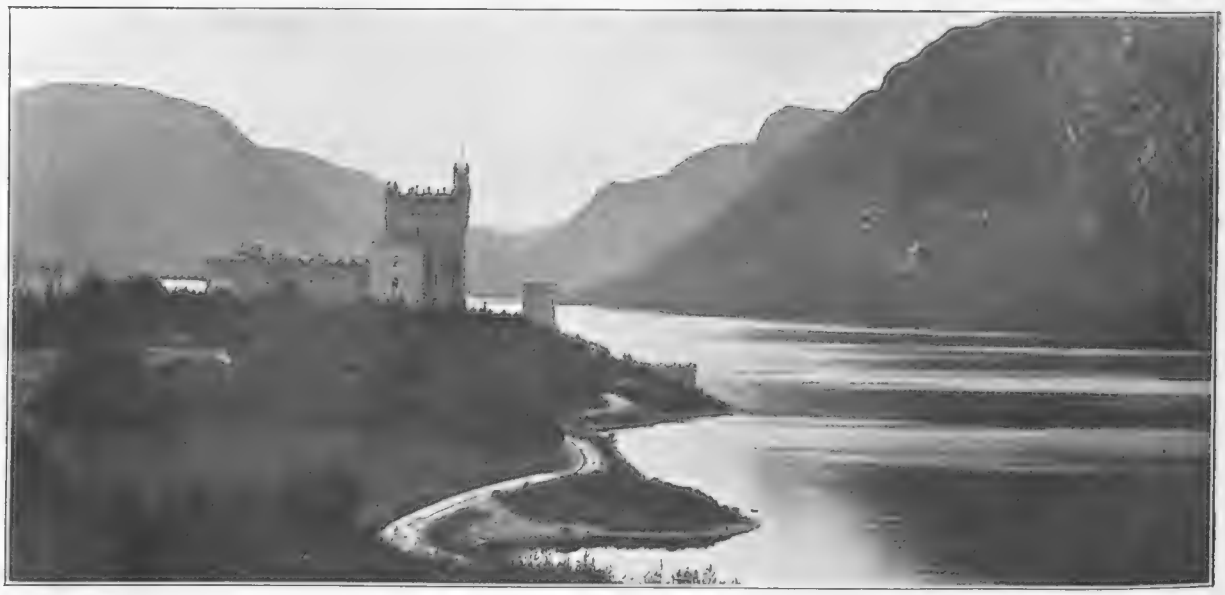


*Photo by* *Lawrence*

Glenveagh Castle, owned by Mrs. Adair a wealthy American lady

# now Tenanted by Wealthy Americans

*Photo by* Cliveden House, owned by Mr. W. W. Astor *Qaunt*

*Photo by* Hever Castle, the home of Anne Boleyn, recently purchased by Mr. W. W. Astor *Frith*

*Photo by* Rushton Hall, near Kettering, let on a long lease to Mr. James Van Alen, of New York *Kirby*

## Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"An Artist's Love Story." Told in the letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mrs. Siddons, and her daughters, 1798-1803. Edited by Oswald G. Knapp. (George Allen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Reminiscences of an Irish Land-Agent." Being those of Mr. Samuel M. Hussey—"the best abused man in the three kingdoms." (Duckworth: 16*s.* net.)

"Studies in Religion and Literature." By W. S. Lilly. (Chapman and Hall: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Traffics and Discoveries." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan and Co: 6*s.*)

"My Recollections." By Princess Catherine Radziwill. (Isbister: 16*s.*)

"Style in Furniture." By R. Davis Benn. (Longmans: 21*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Garden of Allah." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Dream of Peace." By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"Teresa of Watling Street." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Farm of the Dagger." By Eden Phillpotts. (Newnes: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

## OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

*From* JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

Fleet Street, October 17, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

A new book bearing the name of Rudyard Kipling on its cover is something of an event. I do not think, however, that *Traffics and Discoveries* (Macmillan and Co.) will add greatly to our popular author's reputation. Of the thirteen stories that make up this latest collection, there are none, with one possible exception, worthy to be compared with "The Man Who Was," or "The Maltese Cat," or half-a-dozen others which one can read again and again with ever-growing appreciation. Mr. Kipling's style tends to get more and more elliptical and even abstruse, and he has of late years developed a mission which at times gets perilously near jingoism; and a story-teller with a mission is very apt to degenerate into a bore. Quite the most charming story in this volume is the mystical one entitled "They." It is something in the style of "The Brushwood Boy," and is full of beauty and tenderness. It suffers somewhat, especially in its conclusion, from Mr. Kipling's increasing trick of ellipsis, but it haunts the memory, and it is a piece of work to be grateful for. There is no modern novelist that I know of who can convey the charm of the English country-side like Rudyard Kipling. His description of the age-old house and garden in the heart of a leafy wood is a veritable *tour de force* in the sensations it evokes, and it is done apparently without effort. Nothing is farther from the author's method than to write pages of description, full of fine words—there is nothing here that could be called word-painting; but the effect is wonderful in its intensity. I should like to quote from this fine story, but you will, no doubt, buy the book and read it for yourself.

*My Recollections*, by Princess Catherine Radziwill (Isbister), contains matter of interest in every page. There are glimpses of the intimate life of many Courts. The Princess was brought up in Russia, and spent her early married life in Berlin. Tsars, Emperors, Kings, Princes, Politicians, appear in her pages, talk familiarly, sometimes letting fall something of considerable import, and give place to others. The book ends properly with the death of the Empress Frederick, but there is a final chapter on Cecil Rhodes, in which some attempt is made to estimate the character of that strange but striking figure. The Princess touches very lightly on the subject of her own personal connection with "The Colossus," but promises, if I understand her rightly, another book dealing with her later Recollections. In the meantime, there is matter of great interest in the present instalment.

*Style in Furniture*, by R. Davis Benn (Longmans), is an invaluable book for those who want authoritative information on a subject which interests most of us nowadays. It is very clearly written, and is always interesting. The illustrations, too, are excellent and numerous, and, as is too seldom the case, their connection with the text is made perfectly plain. This is the most useful guide to old furniture that has yet been written.

In *The Farm of the Dagger* (Newnes), Mr. Eden Phillpotts has given us another good story, imbued with the spirit of the Dartmoor country which he knows so well. The talk of his rustics is racy of the soil and full of delightful humour, and the story he weaves round the rugged characters of a rugged country is strong and original. Mr. Eden Phillpotts is one of the most careful of literary workmen, and *The Farm of the Dagger* shows him at his best.

Of the many novels of adventure that are being published nowadays, two excellent ones are *The Lady of Loyalty House*, by Justin Huntley McCarthy (Methuen), and *In the Straits of Time*, by Christopher Hare (Cassell and Co.). Mr. McCarthy's tale deals with Cavaliers and Roundheads, and is written in most stirring style. His characters are real people and not puppets going through a series of disconnected adventures, as is the way with those of the average historical novel, and one can feel a genuine interest in their doings. *In the Straits of Time* is called a Romance of Old France, and the opposing forces are Catholics and Huguenots. I have not met with this author's name before, although I see there are several books to his credit. But this is a good story, and well worth reading.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. are publishing some of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson in attractive little volumes, well printed and bound, at the low price of 2*s.* net each. I have before me *Treasure Island* and *The Wreckers*, and most of the novels can be had in the same edition. I am glad, too, to see a cheaper edition of the interesting *Verney Memoirs*, from Messrs. Longmans and Co. It is in two volumes, at 12*s.* net each.

Believe me, my dear Squire,
Ever yours sincerely,
JASPER SPEKE.

## Books to Appear Shortly

Although our well known collaborator, "J. A. H.," has written many works of biography, travel, and miscellaneous literature, he has hitherto resisted all temptations to stray into the field of fiction. His first novel, however, is now ready for early publication by Messrs. R. A. Everett and Co., and many of its scenes and incidents, we understand, are reproduced direct from the author's own experiences; for the *Call of the Town*, as the book is called, deals entirely with journalistic and literary life in the provinces and in London. "J. A. H." first came to the front, perhaps, as the best authority on J. M. Barrie and his books, for, as he himself has said, it was his fate to spend a part of his editorial life in the interesting old town where Barrie first practised journalism for a living, and indeed, to edit the newspaper which perpetuates the title of that on which the novelist was engaged. "In my moments of sinful ambition," he writes in the introductory note to his well-known work on *J. M. Barrie and his Books*, "I am even tempted to regard myself as having been in Nottingham one of Barrie's successors, just as Mattie was a cousin to the Laird of Limmerfield—'seeven times removed.'"

The fanatical Doukhobors, a large number of whom were recently reported to have started on a fresh expedition to meet the Messiah, are dealt with in a book by Mr Aylmer Maude, entitled *A Peculiar People*, which Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month. The Doukhobors have a remarkable record. While they were in Russia they were known as vegetarians and communists who suffered martyrdom because of their refusal to enter the military service. Then, in 1899, more than 7,000 of them migrated to Canada, where they gave much trouble by refusing to make legal entry for their land, and by declining to register their births, deaths, and marriages. They declared that Canada was not a free country, and issued an "Appeal to all Nations"—and a separate one to the Sultan of Turkey—asking to have land allotted to them, on which they could live righteous lives unshackled by any human laws. Two years ago, it may be remembered, about 1,500 of them set out on a strange pilgrimage, which the Canadian Government had forcibly to check, and a year later several others were arrested for shocking their British neighbours by "nudity parades," prompted by religious fervour. It is said that Mr. Maude, who made the arrangements with the Canadian Government which led to the migration of the Doukhobors, is able in his book to explain, for the first time, the real character and motives of this very "Peculiar People."

It is more than seventy years since Thomas Moore wrote his *Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald*, the younger son of the Duke of Leinster, who became fatally entangled in the coils of the Irish Rebellion. Now we are to have a new book, by one of the rebel leader's great-grandchildren—Gerald Campbell by name—who, having had access to a number of family papers, is able to give some account of both "Edward and Pamela FitzGerald" from the letters of those who knew them. Lord FitzGerald married Pamela, who was the reputed daughter of the Duc d'Orléans and Madame de Genlis, in 1792, in Paris, whither he had been drawn by the Revolution. It was only a year later that he returned to Ireland to plunge into political conspiracy there, and it was FitzGerald who went back to Paris a few years later to arrange for a French invasion of Ireland. A full account is given in the forthcoming book of how the plot was betrayed, and FitzGerald seized in Dublin in the desperate scuffle which cost him his life.

Failing the book of reminiscences which Mr. Watts-Dunton has more than once been urged to write, we are to get a biographical and critical study of the poet, novelist, critic, and "hero of friendship"—as Swinburne once called him—from the pen of Mr. James Douglas. To the average man Mr. Watts-Dunton is probably best known as an authority on gipsy life and gipsy lore, and his romance of *Aylwin*, in which he turned this knowledge to such good account, has gone through more than twenty editions since it first saw the light in 1898. Needless to say, his biography will contain many reminiscences of Swinburne—who, as most people are aware, lives with Mr. Watts-Dunton at "The Pines," on the edge of Wimbledon Common, and who has dedicated the new edition of his poems to him—William Morris, George Borrow, Tennyson, Browning, and many other great men of the Victorian epoch, who numbered Mr. Watts-Dunton among their friends.

# Gossip About Books and Their Makers

**"Traffics and Discoveries"**

That dull time of which the poet sings—"When the Rudyards cease from kipling, and the Haggards ride no more"—is still a long way off, I hope. And in earnest are we not this week adding to our bookshelves new works by both of these lucky authors? I noticed one critic of Mr. Kipling's new volume of short stories express a happy thought very neatly: "Whether he is actually publishing or not, Mr. Kipling we have always with us." How true this is. Mr. Kipling's personality, with its splendid self-assertiveness, has insinuated itself into the public life of our time to an extent almost without parallel in the history of letters. Yet in this age of the novel, our most successful author, as we may surely esteem the writer of "Traffics and Discoveries," has failed where many lesser men have succeeded. The Italian critic who said of him, "Kipling's art is still unequal and disconnected; it flies and touches; weeps and sobs; crushes and breaks; a blazing torch, which till now smokes too much," is not yet out of date. That phrase might have been written after a study of this new collection of his miscellaneous writings. How little does a man foresee his future; on the very eve of his first draught of fame Kipling wrote home to a friend that he was looking forward to "nothing but an Indian journalist's career."

**Mr. Arnold Bennett**

A popular English novelist, who resides in Paris

**Kipling's Unpublished Novel**

Even at that remote period of his career, Kipling was engaged on a novel which has not yet seen the light, although it has been often spoken about by himself and others, and is mentioned in his story, "To be Filed for Reference." Eighteen years ago he described it as "the novel which is always being written and never gets no furrarder." Kiplingites do not need to be told that this "stickit" novel, this book which refuses to be finished, this "magnificent *torso* of 350 foolscap pages of closely-written manuscript,' as I remember someone describing it, is entitled, "Mother Maturin." This was the work by which the young Anglo-Indian hoped to make his name, but it will be admitted he has done pretty well without it. There is no doubt that the form which seems to be most in harmony with his peculiar genius is the short story, or the "impression," so that, after all, if he were to bring "Mother Maturin" to a conclusion, the result might not be entirely to enhance his reputation. But how many of his contemporaries have shown equal restraint in dealing with a story that stopped short with the end in sight? I fancy the case of Mr. F. P. Dunne and his attempt to write a novel is unique. It began to appear serially when only a few chapters had been written, and only got a little way when it was stopped with the announcement that the author of the immortal "Mr. Dooley" found he had essayed a task beyond his reach, and could not carry the story towards completion with any satisfaction to himself!

**Rising Stars**

It is always pleasant to note the progress of the younger men of letters. Personally, I suspect myself of a more lively interest in them than in the risen stars, and this week I wish to indulge in the pleasure of considering two whose works attract me strongly: Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Leonard Merrick. Both of these writers — though Mr. Merrick is the more noteworthy — have the gift of being able to interest us in the creatures of their imagination, while we remain at a loss to explain their charm. It is a rare and precious possession of the novelist, this indefinable quality, and much may be expected of those in whose work it is found. Mr. Bennett's career I have followed with interest since he gave up the law, more than ten years ago, and took to journalism as assistant-editor of *Woman*. From the first, his work has had a strong individual note, and in criticism, of which he has written a good deal in the *Academy* and elsewhere, he has given evidence of independent judgment and audacious sanity. I am very far, indeed, from accepting all or any of his "literary heresies" as set forth recently in

a popular weekly, but these have a certain tonic excellence in their originality, and the immense book-knowledge of the man is apparent without any ostentation. It was only after a good many years of journalism that Mr. Bennett seemed to discover his talent for the construction of exciting stories, but as soon as he was assured of this he ceased editing and devoted himself entirely to writing. I am afraid to guess how many books and serials he has produced during the last five years, but several of them have come my way, and I recall especially that admirably virile tale of his native Staffordshire, "Anna of the Five Towns." More recently he scored a distinct success in a very difficult line with "A Great Man," a genuinely amusing picture of one side of literary life. Mr. Bennett, who is thirty-seven years of age, found the atmosphere of an old Bedfordshire farm at Hockliffe, whither he retired on giving up London journalism, conducive to novel-writing, but he has lately made a very radical change by settling in Paris. For all his long connection with women's papers he remains a bachelor!

*Photo by* *Lavis*

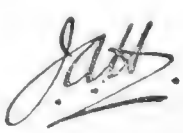
**Mr. Leonard Merrick**
One of the cleverest of our younger novelists, who is more read abroad than at home

### A Literary Enigma

When I turn to Mr. Leonard Merrick I am confronted with one of the enigmas of the literary world of to-day: an author whose work I do not hesitate to rank with the best, whose books are always reviewed with enthusiasm, but very rarely run into several editions. One remembers Meredith's and Hardy's long waiting for popularity with the critics cheering them on, and believes that the day will come when Mr. Merrick will look back through the sunshine of popular applause on that traditional British shyness to a genuine artist which, in common with so many of our finest writers, he has had to endure. I am delighted to find him just the frank, manly, unaffected man I had imagined him by his books, and especially by that masterly novel, "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." Heartily do I wish that some literary aspirants of my acquaintance could hear him talk of the anomalies of literary life; but failing that they could not do a better or a more salutary thing than read his "Cynthia," which, I suspect, is largely autobiographical. He tells me that he was born in Belsize Park, of "rich but honest parents." As far back as he can remember, his desire was to write, and to act. As a child, he tagged a petition on to his daily prayer: "And please make me an author and an actor." He says, "I have been both. But I was only eight years old when I made that petition, and I didn't know enough to pray, 'And let me be popular.'" He was intended for the Bar—by the way, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., the Member for Reading, is his cousin—but when Mr. Merrick was seventeen, a conventional "curtain" occurred: his father lost a fortune. So, instead of going to the Bar, he went to South Africa. He was in the Magistrate's Court, and, of course, wrote stories on the Government stationery. The first paper to print his work was a Kimberley paper called *Life*—whose life did not last long. "If the editor survives," says Mr. Merrick, "I hope he will see this week's BYSTANDER, so that he may receive my reproaches for encouraging me. Oh, dear no, I am not at all glad that I became an author!"

### Mr. Leonard Merrick

When he returned from South Africa, Mr. Merrick was introduced to the late Sir Augustus Harris, who offered him various theatrical engagements. He was still on the stage when his first novel, "Violet Moses," was published. The *Spectator* compared it favourably with the work of Mr. George Meredith, and the *Saturday Review* said that it had everything, even to flesh and blood, that George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" lacked. Being young, I suppose, Mr. Merrick imagined that fine criticisms implied popular success, so he gave all his time to fiction. In one sense, however, it may be said that he never deserted the theatre, for though he has not acted since he was a boy, he has been part-author with George R. Sims, and others, of a good many comedies and dramas. His novels—which were recently the subject of an enthusiastic article by Professor Tyrrell—have been translated into French, German, Spanish, and Swedish. Dr. Robertson Nicoll wrote lately that "there are few English authors whose novels are more widely read on the Continent in translations, and the Tauchnitz Series, than the novels of Leonard Merrick." In this connection Mr. Merrick told me a curious fact. During the last few years nearly a hundred and fifty letters of appreciation have reached him from readers he has never seen—and with four exceptions they have all been from readers abroad. "Matthew xiii, 57" is the obvious comment.



# "Everyday People." Depicted by C. Dana Gibson

"Pictorial Comedy" copyright. By permission.

He: "Was that you I kissed in the conservatory last night?"
"About what time was it?"

*THESE TWO ILLUSTRATIONS ARE REDUCED FACSIMILES FROM "EVERYDAY PEOPLE,"*

# "Everyday People." Depitced by C. Dana Gibson

*"Pictorial Comedy" copyright. By permission.*

He: "Yes, I've changed a good deal since then, Mrs. Jones"
"And for the better, I trust!"
"They used to call me a wild youth, you remember; but now——"
"Now?"
"Now they call me an old reprobate"

*THE NEW BOOK BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON, JUST ISSUED BY MR. JOHN LANE*

# LATEST NEWS FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

"HOME RAILWAYS STAGNANT AGAIN.

INDIFFERENT TRAFFICS PROVOKE MUCH COMMENT.

"STOCK COMPANIES LOSING HEART

LITTLE PUBLIC SYMPATHY."

"DIFFICULTIES IN PARIS

FOREIGNERS ACTIVE."

SOUTH AFRICAN EXCITEMENT.

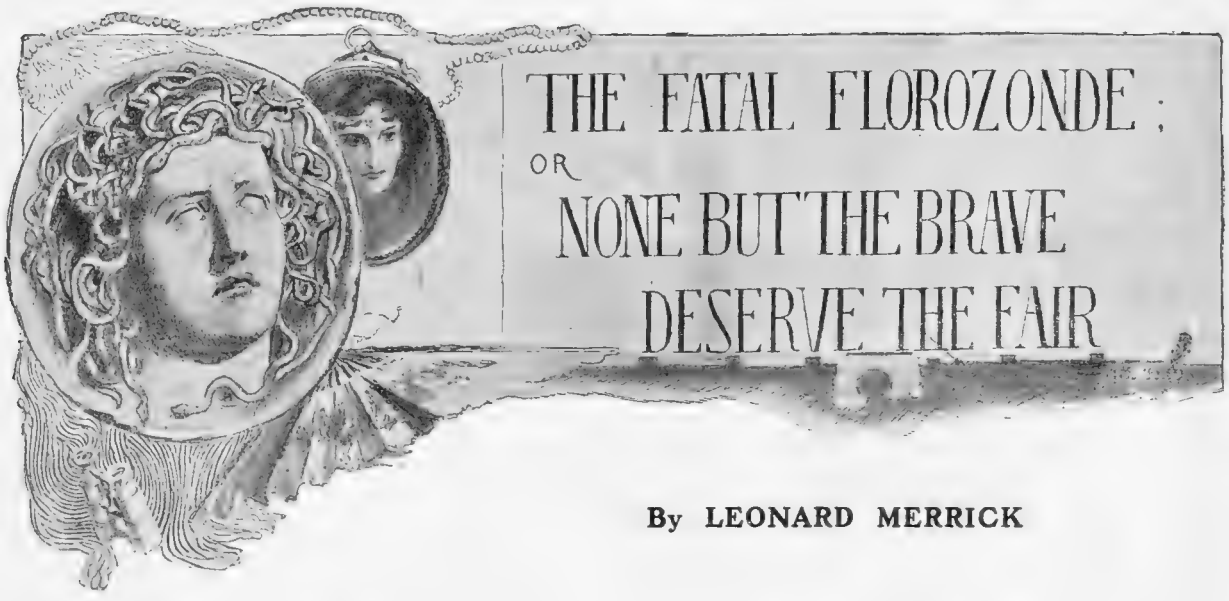
RAPID KAFFIR MOVEMENTS".

"COPPER WEAK & DEPRESSED.

SEEKING INSIDE INFORMATION."

P. V. BRADSHAW.

## OUR SHORT STORY




**By LEONARD MERRICK**

Before Pitou, the composer, left for the Hague, he called on Théophile De Fronsac, the poet. *La Voix Parisienne* had lately appointed De Fronsac to its staff, on condition that he contributed no poetry.

"Good evening," said De Fronsac. "*Mon Dieu!* what shall I write about?"

"Write about my music," said Pitou, whose compositions had been rejected in every arrondissement of Paris.

"Let us talk sanely," demurred De Fronsac. "My *causerie* is half a column short. Tell me something interesting."

"Woman," replied Pitou.

De Fronsac flicked his cigarette ash. "You remind me," he said, "how much I need a love affair; my sensibilities should be stimulated. To continue to write with fervour I require to adore again."

"It is very easy to adore," observed Pitou.

"Not at forty," lamented the other, "especially to a man in Class A. Don't forget, my young friend, that I have loved, and been loved, persistently for twenty-three years. I cannot adore a repetition, and it is impossible for me to discover a new type."

"All of which I understand," said Pitou, "excepting 'Class A.'"

"There are three kinds of men," explained the poet. "Class A are the men to whom women inevitably surrender. Class B consists of those whom they trust by instinct and confide in on the second day; these men acquire an extensive knowledge of the sex—but they always fall short of winning the women for themselves. Class C women think of merely as "the others"—they do not count. Eventually they marry, and try to persuade their wives that they were devils of fellows when they were young. However, such reflections will not assist me to finish my *causerie*, for I wrote them all last week."

"Talking of women," remarked Pitou, "a little blonde has come to live opposite my lodging. So far we have only bowed from our windows, but I have christened her 'Lynette,' and made a poem about her. It is pathetic. The last verse—the others are not written yet—goes:

> O window I watched in the days that are dead,
> Are you watched by a lover to-day?
> Are glimpses caught now of another blonde head
> By a youth who lives over the way?
> Does *she* repeat words that Lynette's lips have said—
> And does *he* say what *I* used to say?"

"What is the answer?" asked De Fronsac. "Is it a conundrum? In any case it is a poor substitute for half a column of prose in *La Voix*. How on earth am I to arrive at the bottom of the page? If I am short in my copy, I shall be short in my rent; if I am short in my rent, I shall be put out of doors; if I am put out of doors, I shall die of exposure. And much good it will do me that they erect a statue to me in the next generation! Upon my word, I would stand a dinner—at the two-franc place where you may eat all you can hold—if you could give me a subject."

"It happens," said Pitou, "that I can give you a very strange one. As I am going to a foreign land, I have been to the country to bid farewell to my parents; I came across an extraordinary girl."

"One who disliked presents?" inquired De Fronsac.

"I am not jesting. She is a dancer in a travelling circus. The flare and the drum wooed me one night, and I went in. As a circus, well, you may imagine—a tent in a fair. My fauteuil was a plank, and the orchestra surpassed the worst tortures of the Inquisition. And then, after the decrepit horses, and a mangy lion, a girl came into the ring, with the most marvellous eyes I have ever seen in a human face. They are green eyes, with golden lights in them."

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured the poet, "I have never been loved by a girl who had green eyes with golden lights in them."

"I am glad you have never been loved by this one," returned the composer gravely; "she has a curious history. All her lovers, without exception, have committed suicide."

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"What?" said De Fronsac, staring.

"It is very queer. One of them had just inherited a hundred thousand francs when he died—he hanged himself. Another—an author from Italy—took poison, while all Rome was reading his novel. To be infatuated by her, they say, is harmless enough, but to win her is invariably fatal within a few weeks. Some time ago she engaged herself to one of the troupe, and soon afterwards he learnt she was deceiving him. He resolved to shoot her; he pointed a pistol at her breast. She simply laughed—and looked at him. He turned the pistol on himself, and blew his brains out!"

De Fronsac had already written: "Here is the extraordinary history of a girl I discovered in a fair." The next moment:

'But you repeat a rumour," he objected. "*La Voix Parisienne* has a reputation; odd as the fact may appear to you, people read it. If this is published in *La Voix* it will attract attention. Soon she will be promoted from a tent in a fair to a stage in Paris. Well, what happens? You tell me she is beautiful, so she will have hundreds of admirers. Among the hundreds there will be one she favours. And then? Unless he committed suicide in a few weeks, the paper would be proved a liar. I should not be able to sleep of nights for fear he would not kill himself."

"My dear," exclaimed Pitou, with emotion, "would I add to your anxieties? Rather than you should be distressed by anybody's living, let us dismiss the subject—and the dinner—and talk of my new Symphony. On the other hand, I fail to see that the paper's reputation is your affair—you are not married to it; and I am more than usually empty to-day."

"Your argument is sound," said De Fronsac. "Besides, the editor refuses my poetry." And he wrote without cessation for ten minutes.

The two-franc *table d'hôte* excelled itself that evening, and Pitou did ample justice to the menu.

Behold how capricious is the jade, Fame! The poet whose verses had left him obscure, accomplished in ten minutes a paragraph that fascinated all Paris. On the morrow people pointed it out to one another; the morning after, other journals referred to it; in the afternoon the editor of *La Voix Parisienne* was importuned with questions. No one believed the story to be true, but not a soul could help wondering if it might be so.

When a day or two had passed, Pitou received a note from De Fronsac which ran:

"Send to me at once, I entreat thee, the name of that girl, and say where she can be found. The managers of three variety theatres of the first class have sought me out, and are eager to engage her."

"Decidedly," said Pitou. "I have mistaken my vocation—I ought to have been a novelist!" And he replied:

"The girl whose eyes suggested the story to me is called on the programmes 'Florozonde.' For the rest, I know nothing, except that thou didst offer a dinner, and I was hungry."

However, when he had written this, he destroyed it.

"Though I am unappreciated myself, and shall probably conclude in the Morgue," he mused, "that is no excuse for my withholding prosperity from others. Doubtless the poor girl would rejoice to appear at three variety theatres of the first class, or even at one of them." He answered simply:

"Her name is 'Florozonde'; she will be found in a circus at Chartres"—and nearly suffocated with laughter.

Then a little later the papers announced that Mlle. Florozonde—whose love by a strange series of coincidences had always proved fatal—would be seen at La Coupole. Posters bearing the name of "Florozonde"—black on yellow—invaded the boulevards. Her portraits caused crowds to assemble, and "That girl who, they say, deals death—that Florozonde," was to be heard as constantly as *Hiawatha*.

By this time Pitou was in the Hague, his necessities having driven him into the employment of a Parisian who had opened a shop there for the sale of music and French pianos. When he read the Paris papers, Pitou trembled so violently that the onlookers thought he must have ague. Hilarity struggled with envy in his breast. "*Ma foi!*" he would say to himself, "it seems that my destiny is to create successes for others. Here am I, exiled, and condemned to play cadenzas all day in a piano warehouse, while she whom I invented, dances jubilant in Paris. I do not question but what she drives in the Bois, and dines at Paillard's!"

And it was a fact that Florozonde was the fashion. As regards her eyes, at any rate, the young man had not exaggerated more than is to be forgiven in an artist; her eyes were superb, supernatural; and now that the spangled finery of a fair was replaced by the most triumphant of audacities—now that a circus band had been exchanged for the orchestra of La Coupole—she danced as she had not danced before. You say that a gorgeous costume cannot improve a woman's dancing? Let a woman realise that you have improved her appearance, and you improve everything she can do.

Nevertheless one does not pretend that it was owing to her talent, or her costume, or the weird melody proposed by the *chef d'orchestre*, that she became the rage. Not at all. That was due to her reputation. Sceptics might smile, and murmur "*Réclame!*" but, again, nobody could say positively that the tragedies had not occurred. And above all, there were the eyes—it was conceded that a woman with eyes like that ought to be abnormal. La Coupole was thronged every night, and the stage door-keeper grew rich, so numerous were the daring spirits, coquetting with death, who tendered notes inviting the Fatal One to supper.

Somehow the suppers were rather dreary. The cause may have been that the guest was handicapped by circumstances — to be good company without discarding the fatal air was extremely difficult; also the cause may have been that the daring spirits felt their courage forsake them in a *tête-à-tête*; but it is certain that once when Florozonde drove home in the small hours to the tattered aunt who lived on her, she exclaimed violently that, "All this silly fake was giving her the hump, and she wished she were 'on

the road' again, with a jolly good fellow who was not afraid of her!"

Then the tattered aunt cooed to her, reminding her that little ducklings had run to her already roasted, and adding that she (the tattered aunt) had never heard of equal luck in all the years she had been in the show business.

"Ah, bah!" cried Florozonde. "It does not please me to be treated as if I had scarlet fever. If I lean towards a man, he turns pale."

"Life is good," said her aunt, philosophically, "and men have no wish to die for the sake of an embrace—remember your reputation! *Il faut souffrir pour être fatale.* Look at your salary, sweetie—and you have had nothing to do but hold your tongue. Oh, was anything ever heard like it? A miracle of *le bon Dieu!*"

"It was Monsieur De Fronsac, the journalist, who started it,' said Florozonde. "I supposed he had made it up, to give me a lift; but, *ma foi*, I think *he* half believes it, too! What can have put it in his head? I have half a mind to ask him the next time he comes behind."

"What a madness!" exclaimed the old woman; "you might queer your pitch! Never, never perform a trick with a confederate when you can work alone; that is one of the first rules of life. If he thinks it is true, so much the better. Now get to bed, lovey, and think of pleasant things—what did you have for supper?"

Florozonde was correct in her surmise—De Fronsac did half believe it, and De Fronsac was accordingly much perturbed. Consider his dilemma! The nature of his pursuits had demanded a love affair, and he had endeavoured conscientiously to comply, for the man was nothing if not an artist. But, as he had said to Pitou, he had loved so much, and so many, that the thing was practically impossible for him. He was like the pastrycook's boy, who is habituated and bilious. Then suddenly a new type, which he had despaired of finding, was displayed. His curiosity awoke; and, fascinated in the first instance by her ghastly reputation, he was fascinated gradually by her physical charms. Again he found himself enslaved by a woman—and the woman, who owed her fame to his services, was clearly appreciative. But he had a strong objection to committing suicide.

His eagerness for her love was only equalled by his dread of what might happen if she gave it to him. Alternately he yearned and shuddered. On Monday he cried "Idiot, to be frightened by such *blague*!" and on Tuesday he told himself "All the same there may be something in it!"

Thus tortured he paid his respects to Florozonde at the theatre on the evening after she complained to her aunt. She was in her dressing room, making ready to go.

"You have danced divinely," he said to her. "There is no longer a programme at La Coupole—there is only 'Florozonde.'"

She smiled the mysterious smile that she was cultivating. "What have you been doing with yourself, monsieur? I have not seen you all the week."

De Fronsac sighed expressively. "At my age one has the wisdom to avoid temptation."

"May it not be rather unkind to temptation?" she suggested, raising her marvellous eyes.

De Fronsac drew a step back. "Also I have had a great deal to do," he added formally. "I am a busy man. For example, much as I should like to converse with you now——" But his resolution forsook him, and he was unable to say that he had only looked in for a minute.

"Much as you would like to converse with me——?" questioned Florozonde.

"I ought, by rights, to be seated at my desk," he concluded, lamely.

"I am pleased that you are not seated at your desk," she said.

"Because?" murmured De Fronsac, with unspeakable emotions.

"Because I have never thanked you enough for your interest in me, and I want to tell you that I remember." She gave him her hand; he held it, battling with terror.

"Mademoiselle," he returned, tremulously, "when I wrote the *causerie* you refer to, my interest in you was purely the interest of a journalist, so for that I do not deserve your thanks. But since I have had the honour to meet you I have experienced an interest altogether different: the interest of a man, of a—a—" Here his teeth chattered, and he paused.

"Of a what?" she asked softly, with a dreamy air.

"Of a friend," he muttered. A gust of fear had made the "friend" an iceberg. But her clasp tightened.

"I am glad!" she said. "Oh, you have been good to me, monsieur; and if, in spite of everything, I am sometimes sad, I am, at least, never ungrateful."

"You are sad?" faltered the vacillating victim. "Why?"

Her bosom rose. "Is success all a woman wants?"

"Ah," exclaimed De Fronsac, in an impassioned quaver, "is that not life? To all of us there is the unattainable—to you, to me!"

"To you?" she murmured. Her eyes were transcendental. Admiration and alarm tore him in halves.

"In truth," he gasped, "I am the most miserable of men! What is genius, what is fame, when one is lonely and unloved?"

She moved impetuously closer—so close that the perfume of her hair intoxicated him. His heart seemed to knock against his ribs, and he felt the perspiration burst out on his brow. For an instant he hesitated—on the edge of his grave, he thought. Then he dropped her hand, and backed from her. "But why should I bore you with my griefs?" he stammered. "*Au revoir*, mademoiselle."

Outside the stage door he gave thanks for his self-control. Also, pale with the crisis, he registered an oath not to approach her again.

Meanwhile the expatriated Pitou had remained disconsolate. Though the people in the Hague spoke French, they said foreign things to him in it. He missed Montmartre—the interests of home. While he waxed eloquent to customers on the tone of pianos or the sweetness of rival composers' melodies, he was envying Florozonde in Paris. Florozonde, whom he had created, obsessed the

young man. In the evening he read about her in Van der Pyl's; on Sundays, when the tram carried him to drink beer at Scheveningen, he read about her in the Kŭrhaus. And then the unexpected happened. In this way:

Pitou was discharged.

Few things could have surprised him more, and, to tell the truth, few things could have troubled him less. "It is better to starve in Paris than grow fat in Holland," he observed. He jingled his capital in his trouser pocket, in fancy savoured his dinner cooking at Le Faisan d'Or, and sped from the piano shop as if it had been on fire.

The clock pointed to a quarter to six as Nicolas Pitou, composer, emerged from the Gare du Nord, and lightly swinging the valise that contained his wardrobe, proceeded to look for a lodging. He had the luck to find his former room vacant. He kissed the concierge ardently—which took her breath away, since she was ill favoured and most disagreeable—fared sumptuously for one franc fifty at Le Faisan d'Or—where he narrated adventures abroad that surpassed De Rougemont's—and went to La Coupole.

And there, wedged among the crowd in the cheap seats, the poor fellow looked across the theatre at the triumphant woman he had invented—and fell in love with her.

One would have said there was more than the width of a theatre between them—one would have said the distance was interminable. Who in the audience could suspect that Florozonde would have been unknown but for a boy among the *bourgeoisie* upstairs?

Yes, he fell in love—with her beauty, her grace, perhaps also with the circumstances. The theatre rang with plaudits; the curtain hid her; and he went out, perspiring. He could not hope to speak to her to-night, but he was curious to see her when she left. He decided that on the morrow he would call upon De Fronsac, whom she doubtless knew now, and ask him for an introduction. Promising himself this, he reached the stage door—where De Fronsac, with trembling limbs, stood giving thanks for his self control.

"My friend!" cried Pitou, enthusiastically, "how rejoiced I am to meet you!" and nearly wrung his hand off.

"*Aïe*! Gently!" expostulated De Fronsac, writhing. "*Aïe, aïe!* I did not know you loved me so much. So you are back from Sweden, *hein?*"

"Yes. I have not been there; but why should we argue about geography? What were you doing as I came up—reciting your poems? By the way, I have a favour to ask; I want you to introduce me to Florozonde."

"Never!" answered the poet, firmly, "I have too much affection for you—I have just resolved not to see her again myself Besides, I thought you knew her in the circus?"

"I never spoke to her there—I simply admired her from the plank. Come, take me inside, and present me."

"It is impossible," persisted De Fronsac; "I tell you I will not venture near her any more. Also, she is coming out—that is her *coupé* you see waiting."

She came out as he spoke, and, affecting not to recognise him, moved rapidly towards the carriage. But this would not do for Pitou at all.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, sweeping his hat nearly to the pavement.

"Yes, well?" she said sharply, turning.

"I have just begged my friend De Fronsac to present me to you, and he feared you might not pardon his presumption. May I implore you to pardon mine?"

She smiled. There was the instant in which neither the man nor the woman knows who will speak next, nor what is to be said—the instant on which destinies hang. Pitou seized it.

"Mademoiselle, I returned to France only this evening. All the journey my thought has been to see you as soon as I arrived!"

"Your friend," she said, with a scornful glance towards De Fronsac, who sauntered gracefully away, "would warn you that you are rash."

"I am not afraid of his warning."

"Are you not afraid of *me*?"

"Afraid only that you will banish me too soon."

"*Mon Dieu!* then you must be the bravest man in Paris," she said.

"At any rate I am the luckiest for the moment."

Now it was a delightful change to Florozonde to meet a man who was not alarmed by her; and it pleased her to show De Fronsac that his cowardice had not left her inconsolable. She laughed loud enough for him to hear.

"I ought not to be affording you the luck," she answered. "I have friends waiting for me at the Café Anglais."

"I expected some such blow," said Pitou. "And how can I suppose you will disappoint your friends in order to sup with me at Le Faisan d'Or instead?"

"Le——?" She was puzzled.

"Faisan d'Or."

"I do not know it."

"Nor would your coachman. We should walk there—and our supper would cost three francs, wine included."

"Is it an invitation?"

"It is a prayer."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Nicolas Pitou."

"Of Paris?"

"Of 'Bohemia.'"

"What do you do in it?"

"Hunger, and make music."

"Unsuccessful?"

"Not to-night!"

"Take me to Le Faisan d'Or," she said, and sent the carriage away.

De Fronsac, looking back as they departed, was distressed to see the young man risking his life

At Le Faisan d'Or their entrance made a sensation. She removed her cloak, and Pitou arranged it over two chairs. Then she threw her gloves out of the way, in the bread basket; and the waiter and the proprietor, and all the family, did homage to her toilette.

"Who would have supposed?" she smiled, and her smile forgot to be mysterious.

"At Le Faisan d'Or their entrance made a sensation. She removed her cloak, and Pitou arranged it over two chairs"

"That the restaurant would be so proud?"

"That's a trifle—that I should be supping with you in it. Tell me, you had no hope of this on your journey? It was true about your journey, *hein?*"

"Oh, really! No, how could I hope? I went round after your dance simply to see you closer; and then I met De Fronsac; and then——"

"And then you were very cheeky. Answer! Why do I interest you? Because of what they say of me?"

"Not altogether."

"What else?"

"Because you are so beautiful. Answer! Why did you come to supper with me? To annoy some other fellow?"

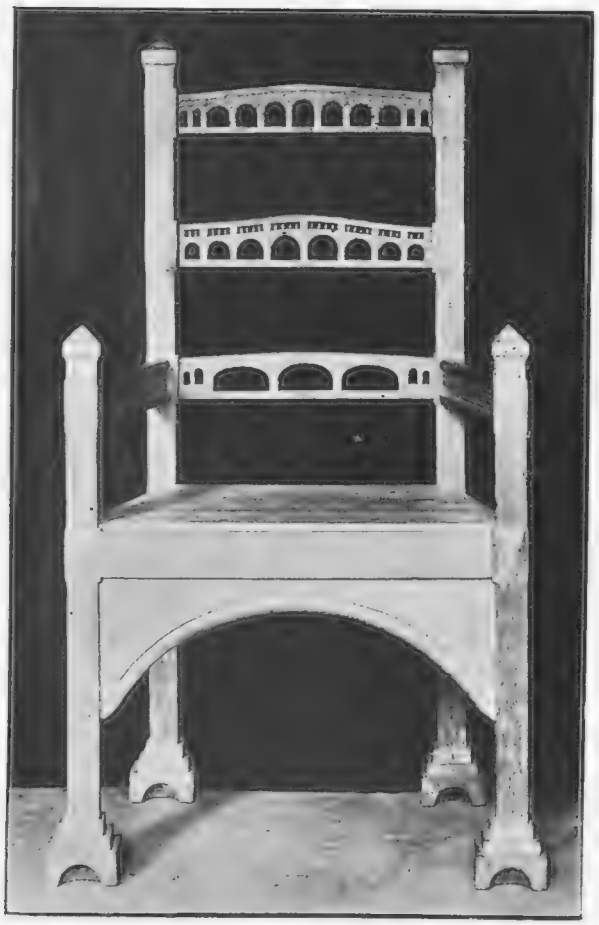
"Not altogether."

"What else?"

"Because you were not frightened of me. Are you sure you are not frightened? Oh, remember, remember your horrible fate if I should like you too much!"

"It would be a thumping advertisement for you," said Pitou. "Let me urge you to try to secure it."

"Reckless boy!" she laughed. "Pour out some more wine. Oh, it is good, this! It is like old times. The strings of onions on the dear, dirty walls, and the serviettes that are so nice and damp! It was in restaurants like this, if my salary was paid, I used to sup on *fête* days."



**A chair made out of the piles of old Kew Bridge, and presented to the King by Mr. Albert Chancellor, the Ex-Mayor of Richmond**

"And if it was not paid?"

"I supped in imagination. My dear, I have had a cigarette for a supper, and the grass for a bed. I have tramped by the caravan while the stars faded, and breakfasted on the drum in the tent. And you—on a bench in the Champs Elysées, *hein?*"

"It has occurred."

"And you watched the sun rise, and made music, and wished *you* could rise, too? I must hear your music some day. You shall write me a dance. Is it agreed?"

"The contract is already stamped," said Pitou.

"I am glad I met you—it is the best supper I have had in Paris. Why are you calculating the expenses on the back of the bill of fare?"

"I am not. I am composing your dance," said Pitou. "Don't speak for a minute, it will be sublime! Also it will be a souvenir when you have gone."

But she did not go for a long while. It was late when they left Le Faisan d'Or, still talking—and there was always more to say. By this time Pitou did not merely love her beauty—he adored the woman. As for Florozonde, she no longer merely loved his courage—she approved the man.

Listen, he was young, fervid, and an artist. He proposed before they reached her doorstep, and she accepted him.

Their attachment was the talk of the town, and everybody waited to hear that Pitou had killed himself. (His name was widely known at last.) But weeks and months went by, Florozonde's protracted season came to an end, and still he looked radiantly well. Pitou was the most unpopular man in Paris.

In the Rue Dauphine, one day, he met De Fronsac.

"So you are still alive!" snarled the poet.

"Never better," declared Pitou. "It turns out," he added confidentially, "there was nothing in that story—it was all fudge."

"Evidently! I must congratulate you," said De Fronsac, looking bomb-shells.

LEONARD MERRICK.

## *UNIQUE RELIC OF KEW BRIDGE*

His Majesty the King has accepted a chair made from the piles forming the foundations of the original Kew Bridge, and presented to him by Mr. Albert Chancellor, Ex-Mayor of Richmond, as a memorial of the opening by His Majesty of the new Kew Bridge in May of last year. The design of the chair, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, is characteristically Norman, and chief interest centres in the three back rails, which represent, in a remarkably faithful way, the three bridges which have successively spanned the Thames at Kew; the first bears the date 1758, the second 1783, and the third 1903. The base of the legs represent the buttresses, and the side arm rests the top coping of the present bridge. The inscription on the tablet affixed to the chair is as follows; "This chair, carved from wood forming the foundations of the first Kew Bridge (1758), has been made to commemorate the three successive bridges, the last of which, known as "King Edward VII. Bridge," was opened by His Majesty the King on the 20th May, 1903. Presented to His Majesty by Albert Chancellor, J.P., Mayor of Richmond, 1897-98, 1902-03.

**YORKSHIRE**

Horsey Gent: "He looks as if he had done a good many miles in his time"

Owner *(proudly)*: "O-o-o yas; a good goer too"

Horsey Gent: "Yas, I should say he'd done most of his going on his knees"

# "At the Sign of the Times"

## ON THANET, MR. BRODRICK, AND LIPPE-DETMOLD

**A Mis-Representative**

A salubrious air, shrimp teas and various marine attractions have hitherto distinguished the Isle of Thanet. Now, as everyone knows, it possesses the unique distinction of having added Mr. H. Marks to the company of its country's legislators. That witty and often quoted saying that an Election never results in a defeat, but only in a victory and a moral victory, seems in this case to be falsified. For to most people it will appear that the Isle of Thanet election has resulted in two defeats—the defeat of the Liberal candidate and the heavier defeat of the principle that the public records of those who are to serve our country in Parliament must be without reproach. The thing happened ten days ago. It offers reflections for longer than that.

**Concerning a Disclaimer**

A correspondent, who considers that Mr. Brodrick has made a mistake in disclaiming responsibility for the Brodrick cap, writes to us as follows: "No one ever supposed that Mr. Brodrick designed the cap in question out of his own head. A Secretary of State naturally has other things to do. But he is not the less entitled to lend his name to an article which—so to speak—made its first public appearance under his ægis, and may contribute—as I have endeavoured to show in the accompanying poem—to keep him in the public eye, when more important services are forgotten." We give the poem below:

**Lines to Mr. Brodrick**

'Tis true the Iron Duke won Waterloo—
But could he claim
Ubiquity of glory save for those
Big Boots that bear his name?

Men talk of Gladstone and his Home Rule Bill
Would they not flag
And falter in his praises, if they missed
The well-known Gladstone Bag?

What hope for Mr. Brodrick then? What hope
That any scrap
Of fame awaits him who—whate'er his deeds—
Disclaims the Brodrick Cap?

**A Lady "Postman"**

This profession, or perhaps it might better be styled a calling, is an exceedingly rare one for ladies to pursue. The lady "postman" above is Mrs. G. Stevens, of Wrecclesham

**The Lippe-Detmold Affair**

"Germans," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, commenting on the Lippe-Detmold affair, "have in some cases nice feelings." No one in this country is likely to deny so modest a statement. Most Germans have very nice feelings in a great many cases. The only difficulty is that, owing to their profound sense of discipline, they suppress their nice feelings so often that other nations sometimes make the mistake of supposing that they have lost them. No such idea can cross the minds of those who have followed the course of the Lippe-Detmold controversy. Difficult as it is to be outspoken about such matters in Germany, the Kaiser's notion of how a telegram of condolence should run has been met with a chorus of disapprobation.

**An Humble Suggestion**

For us to whom the little German principalities (Lippe-Detmold consists of only 130,000 inhabitants) seem rather ridiculous than otherwise in their struggle for existence, that telegram is only interesting as another sign of the Emperor's desire "To impose not only his will but his temper as law"—as an Austrian journal has very happily put it. For the Germans it is a more serious matter. If their heads are in favour of the Empire, their hearts are still with the small States out of which the Empire has been moulded. It is in dealing with these that their feelings are "nicest" and most easily hurt. Moreover, these little States, though individually impotent, or next door to it, represent in the bulk Germany as opposed to Prussia. That is why any attempt on the part of the Emperor to substitute a relation—and consequently underling—of his own for the Regent approved by the people is regarded not only as in bad taste, but also as menacing in intention.

Some simple rule, such as turning round three times before he sends a telegram, might enable the Kaiser to avoid committing errors of this nature.

MINIMUS.

## London Fixtures

### 49. The Oppressor of the Poor

By H-R-L-D B-G-IE.

He stumbled into the station and looked round wearily. Then advancing towards the bookstall he put his hand into his pocket. Somehow the pose reminded me of that of a gambler.

The figure was curious enough to attract my attention, but I think it was the strange, expectant look in the eyes that first set me hunting for adjectives to describe the man. Short, lantern-jawed, his neck inflamed by a frayed but heavily glazed collar, I set him down as a painter.

I went up to him in my usual way.

"So you're reduced to this?" I asked.

I didn't quite know what I meant, but he seemed to understand.

He shook his head.

"It's a rum go," he said, adding, as if satisfied with the adequacy of the phrase, "a rum go, a rum go!"

I nodded.

"Yer see it's like this. They've got enough carsh to afford chynges. They ain't, as it were, so to speak, tied. By though its the like of us what as made 'em what they is, they don't never consider *our* feelings. Not them! What they sez is, the working man 'e buys, so be 'anged to his feelings."

He was still fumbling with his pocket. I looked on in silence. At length he pulled out a half-penny.

"But perhaps it'll be alright to-dye," he went on. "We've 'ad it now for six weeks parst. Yer never know yer luck. But, as I sez to myself every morning, when I gits up, it can't larst always. Well, it's a rum world. 'Ere goes!"

He said it bravely, but under it all I could hear the note of pain that would, in spite of all, speak out. His eyes shone: hope and fear battled for mastery.

His halfpenny had fallen on the counter.

"*Dyly Mile.*" The paper was flung at his hand, and he grasped it eagerly. Then suddenly remembering my presence, he controlled himself with an effort, and opened his paper slowly.

A moment later a tremor shook his frame. I looked up to see him folding the paper and cramming it into his pocket.

"Well!" I said.

"It's a rum go," he answered. "But we'll only 'ave to be quiet. It'll not larst for ever." He paused for a moment, then added, with a tired shrug, "Even 'Arold Begbie must tyke a rest sometimes," and then he turned on his heel and entered the refreshment room.

*From Stereograph, copyright by* *Underwood and Underwood*

**One of the Chinese Junks running the gauntlet to Port Arthur**

There is a fleet of eighty of these junks engaged in the profitable but perilous trade of conveying provisions and ammunition to the garrison in Port Arthur. This illustration is from a photograph taken off the coast of Manchuria

# By Field, Stream & Covert.

**Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST**

**Cub-hunting**

The present autumn, if remarkable for nothing else, looks like being memorable as the best cub-hunting season of recent years, unless, indeed, that bugbear of huntsmen, a dry October, supervenes to mar the promise of an early and successful opening. Last year it was found impossible in many countries to get to work before the last week in September, though when the campaign had once begun it went on merrily enough; in the present year of grace hounds have been busy for several weeks already. Scent has been good too, heavy dews having fallen nearly every morning. Which pack can claim the distinction of having been first in the field is, perhaps, a question of no great moment, but the Fitzwilliam and the Cottesmore were among the earliest, and in the Oakley country, favoured as it is with beautiful woodlands, the new Master was able to make a forward start. The Quorn are always able to have a long spell of cub-hunting, but in Gloucestershire it is many years since so timely a commencement has been feasible; where foxes are so plentiful, sport, during the regular season, ought to be much benefited by the coverts being well rattled.

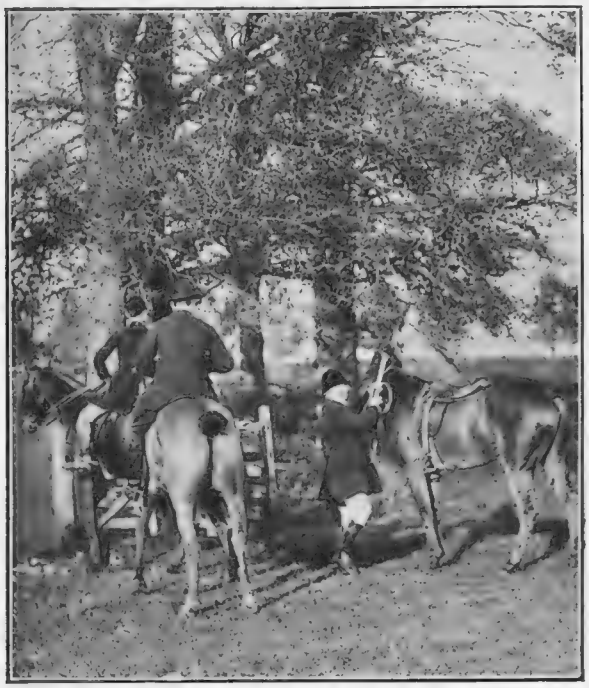
**Its Pleasures**

The delights of an early morning's cub-hunting, as they affect an ordinary mortal, have been compared not inaptly to those of a City dinner. As one hastens, rather late, to the appointment, one feels a distinct disturbance of one's normal habits, though the proceedings, once in full swing, are enjoyed with a zest that makes one oblivious of consequences. After an hour or so, acute interest in both entertainments is prone to pall, a state of mind being gradually attained that anticipates the conclusion with pleasure. The only difference, in fact, appears to be that whereas the one conduces to an appetite of the most ravenous proportions, the other renders a craving for food in the immediate future improbable in the extreme. As to the results of both—a constitution upset, and a disinclination to settle to anything during the next twenty-four hours, the parallel is still maintained.

**The Keen Hand**

To the well-informed enthusiast, however, as apart from the vague majority, *ennui* and lassitude are unknown. It is generally supposed

Cub Hunting: Moving off



Cub-Hunting: Changing horses

Cub-Hunting: A dropping jump

that the type of sportsman who devotes his energies and purse to fox-hunting alone, as Mr. Sawyer did in his pre-marital days, is all but extinct. Still, there are few hunts which do not boast of members, who, despite other attractions, pay fairly frequent visits to the kennels during the summer, or at any rate, when attending the Puppy Show, view the young hounds with an eye so well trained as to ensure recognition of the recipients of judicial favour. Those who can mark the early promise of the youngsters, or note the creditable performances of some veteran hounds, walked perhaps a year or two ago by themselves, are able to appreciate an orthodox morning's cub-hunting to the full. Undoubtedly, however, the respect for orthodoxy is not what it was; and though for the first week or so rigid adherence to the old doctrines may be observed, it is more or less disregarded as soon as the young hounds have acquired a practical knowledge of their duties. The methods of modern hunt-servants may have improved, or scientific breeding of fox-hounds has, perhaps, been accompanied by increased intellectual powers, or there may be other reasons; still, one cannot but think that young hounds are more precocious than formerly.

Cub-Hunting: Throwing the hounds in

Cub-Hunting: A kill

**A "Novel" Departure**

The news that in no less prominent a hunt than the Quorn, the system of evening cub-hunting has been adopted, was received with marked approval by the Press. Here, at last, was an item of sporting intelligence to which novelty attached, and speculation was indulged in to superfluity regarding the extent to which other less pretentious hunts would follow the daring example. As yet, however, the movement has not advanced, nor is the tardiness of masters surprising, seeing that they have had nearly a century in which they could cogitate as to its advisability. Writing in 1839, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, whose work, "The Noble Science," has met with some favour, discusses the question at length, mentioning, among other remarks which reveal his customary moderation, that Lord Yarborough had tried the experiment over fifteen years before, and had continued the practice with success. Allusion to the question was also made by Mr. Vyner in "Notitia Venatica," which followed on the heels of Mr. Radcliffe's book. Both authors were agreed in deprecating the system, though Mr. Vyner spoke the more strongly of the two.

**Sport in Ireland**

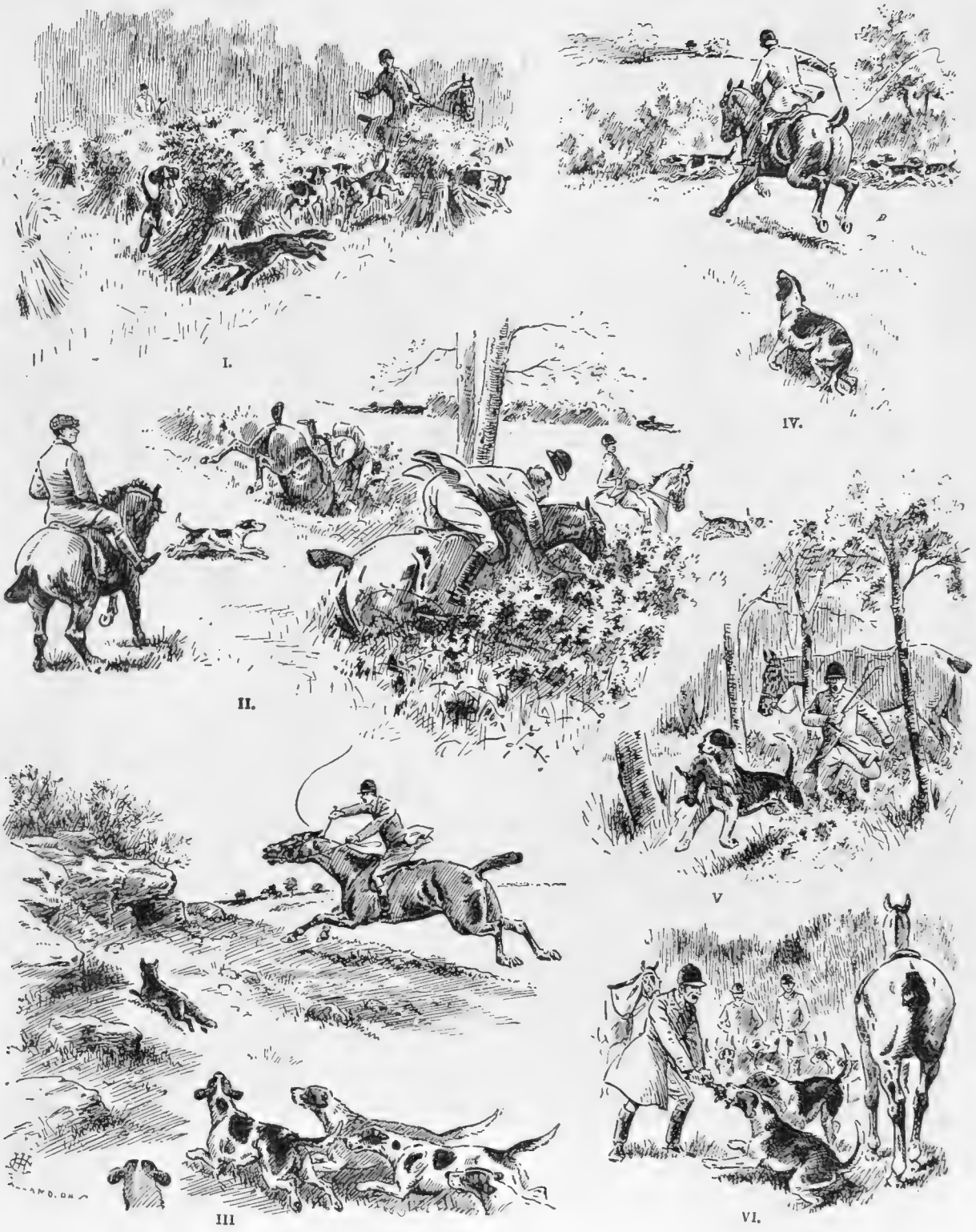
Cubbing has been going on merrily in Ireland. In Meath, Mr. John Watson has been busy dusting the cubs about. The weather has been really too fine—more like summer than autumn—and too hot for business. Most of the principal coverts have been drawn, and plenty of cubs have been found. Mountainstown, Aclare, Summerhill (the property of Lord Langford), Slane (Marquis of Conyngham's), Belinter, Lismullen, Allenstown, Drewstown and Dowdstown have all given a good account of themselves, and there is every prospect of a splendid season. Large fields (for cubbing) have turned out each morning, among them being the Master and Mrs. Watson, the Marchioness Conyngham, and Mr. Cameron, and the Ladies Conyngham, the Marquis Conyngham, Lord F. Conyngham, Countess of Fingall, Lord and Lady Dunsany, Count Stolberg, and many other well-known faces, with the Meaths.

**In Limerick**

In Limerick, Captain F. Wise also has not been idle, and the county pack have been bustling the cubs about. They commenced on Friday, September 30, when hounds met at Castletown, where a number of foxes were on foot, and hounds getting on one, had a smart scurry, killing their first fox of the season at Bushey Island. With the exception of the Master and servants, hardly anyone has been out yet with the Limerick.

**The Wexford Hunt**

The Wexford Hounds have been cubbing for some weeks. Mr. Hall Dare had at Castleboro' on Friday of last week, and had an excellent twenty-five minutes with an old fox, which was killed in the open, at Rathfarden, on Monday, October 3. The Wexford drew Allenlaw (for the second time this season), and getting on a fox, ran him to Pucksbridge, crossed the River Urrin, and pulled him down near Tomonia.



I. Dodging amongst the corn-stooks
II. The blindness of the ditches causes much grief
III. A race for the earths
IV. Whipping off an old fox
V. Catch who catch can
VI. "Worry! Worry! Worry!"

## A DAY'S CUBBING

*DRAWN BY G. H. JALLAND*

# "What to do with our Girls?"

## VIOLET CULTIVATION AS A REMUNERATIVE BUSINESS

"Not pay!" said the Misses Allen-Brown. "Fiddlesticks! We mean to make it pay."

"Nothing to do with the soil ever pays in England," said the pessimist, and flipped the violet-frames with the tip of a scornful stick.

"And why should violet-culture not succeed in England when it succeeds in France?"

The pessimist could find no answer, so went his way.

That was a year ago. The ardent violet-growers plodded on. They took their cuttings when cuttings demanded it—a mystical process which, I believe, takes place in May. They toiled, they delved, they spun scheme after scheme for the abolition of slugs, from tame toads to cabbage leaves browned in lard. They attacked rebellious runners with the zeal of a Kuroki, and they applied patent manures with the discretion of a *chef* who desires to put exactly the right amount of flavouring in the soup. So the little violet nursery grew and grew, and in the autumn the pessimist came round again with his accusing stick.

"They toiled, they delved"

"Got any violets?" he said. "It's been an awful summer for gardens."

The Misses Allen-Brown smiled, and escorted him to the frames and open-air beds surrounding the frames There were violets—violets almost such as empurple Keat's Italian grave, or the strange distant gardens of Peshawar. Violets in all shades of mauve, rich purple, madder-crimson, faint lilac, and rosy-white. Double and single they nodded under their leaves, and filled the air with their scent. The pessimist gasped a little.

A vista of violets

"How have you done it?" said he.

"We think," said the Misses Allen-Brown thoughtfully, "that we have solved the reason why the soil is so much kinder to the Frenchman than to the Englishman. We do not believe it is our poor maligned climate, but we imagine it is a question of personal superintendence and labour. We work our nursery on the principle of the Parisian violet-growers—we do it all ourselves. It does not pay to sink large capital in work of this sort in England, where labour is dear, and often, in the gardening industry, extremely stupid. But it does pay two or three active women to grow violets with their own hands—and their own heads. We are sending away quantities daily, and, if you wish to know whether its worth our while, you've only to look into our books."

At work in a cold frame

"Humph," said the pessimist, "I would not tell people that, or you'll have every woman in the country competing with you."

"And why not?" chorused the Misses Allen-Brown. "Surely sweet fresh English violets are nicer than those which come from France?" R. W.

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

**St. Andrew's or a Golfing Union?**

"Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die." I seem to hear some such words hurled at me in regard to this burning question. I have had this week the experience, common, I suppose, to all who venture on the discussion of a controversial topic, of being caressed by one set of disputants and buffeted by the other. I will take my adversaries first. Our admirable little contemporary, *Golfing*, which had hailed me at first as a reformer after its own heart, now sadly realises that I am not entirely at one with its opinions, and in the first emotion of disappointment accuses me of writing "round and round the subject," and takes particular exception to my phrase, "this renewed clamour for an Association." I shall endeavour to-day to write in such a way as shall absolve me from any charge of writing "round and round the subject," and I beg my good friend *Golfing* to accept my assurance that when I wrote the word "clamour" I had not the remotest intention of giving that word an offensive meaning. Nothing could be further from my views or sentiments than an attitude of indignation against anyone formulating new ideas or methods of reform respecting the government of the game. I readily, therefore, withdraw the word "clamour," and substitute for it the word "cry" or "call." Though I do not see eye to eye with *Golfing* in this matter, I recognise most unreservedly that in what it writes it has, from its own point of view, the best interests of the game at heart, and I also naturally and frankly admit that it has every possible right to express its opinion on all subjects connected with the game, and that it is entitled to advocate and support the cause which it has espoused by all legitimate means at its disposal. I trust most sincerely, therefore, that *Golfing* will dismiss from this controversy any idea that I look upon it or any other reformers as "audacious chiels," who have no right to venture on sacred domains, and will approach this subject, as I do, solely on its merits.

**Opponents are Vague**

In all discussions concerning this question of substituting a Golfing Union for St. Andrew's, I have never yet seen any substantive plan formulated by the opponents of the latter. I have read vague suggestions as to a Union, an Association, or a Board of Control, but I have not yet been gratified with the sight of any distinct constitution of the new body which is to rule our golfing affairs. Until the supporters of a "Golfing Union" come down to hard facts and embody their proposals in set terms it is idle for them to cry out against St. Andrew's and expect people to rally to their support. The old fable of King Log and King Stork is very much to the point here, and we all want to know what sort of a ruler King Stork is likely to be before we depose our present sovereign, King Log. *Golfing* evidently wishes to root up all our present institutions, and give us in their place some brand-new paper constitution. Now, the genius of all reform which has been successful and permanent in our country has proceeded on the lines of reforming and remoulding existing institutions. *Chi va piano va sano* is a wise saying, especially in regard to reform, and I am, therefore, not in any wise ashamed of advocating reform in "a spirit friendly to existing institutions," for I do most earnestly believe that, by reforming and remodelling our present institutions, we may get some good results for the game; while, by endeavouring to set an Association in the place of St. Andrew's, we should only bring about civil war, endless bitterness, and a split in the government of the game which would be disastrous to its best interests. I rejoice that my friend, the editor of *Golf Illustrated*, is at one with me in this question. He, like myself, is not blind to the failings of St. Andrew's, but he recognises all the possible dangers lurking under the suggestion of an Association or a Union.

**The "M.C.C." of Golf**

All who support the cause of St. Andrew's desire that the position of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club should be towards golf that of the M.C.C. towards cricket. Unfortunately, the two positions can never be quite similar. The M.C.C. is a body composed, more or less, entirely of active cricketers, or persons who are actively interested in cricket and all that pertains to that game. The club has a central position in London, and whenever a burning question arises in the cricket world it is perfectly easy for the club to command at any meeting a body of cricketers representative of all sections of the cricketing world. At those meetings there will be no other distractions to take the minds of the members from the subject at issue. They will have come there for the sole purpose of settling a matter of vital importance to the game, and whatever result be arrived at, it will represent the opinion of a body of earnest and thoughtful cricketers who have studied the subject in all its bearings, and who have thoroughly weighed the pros and cons of the question.

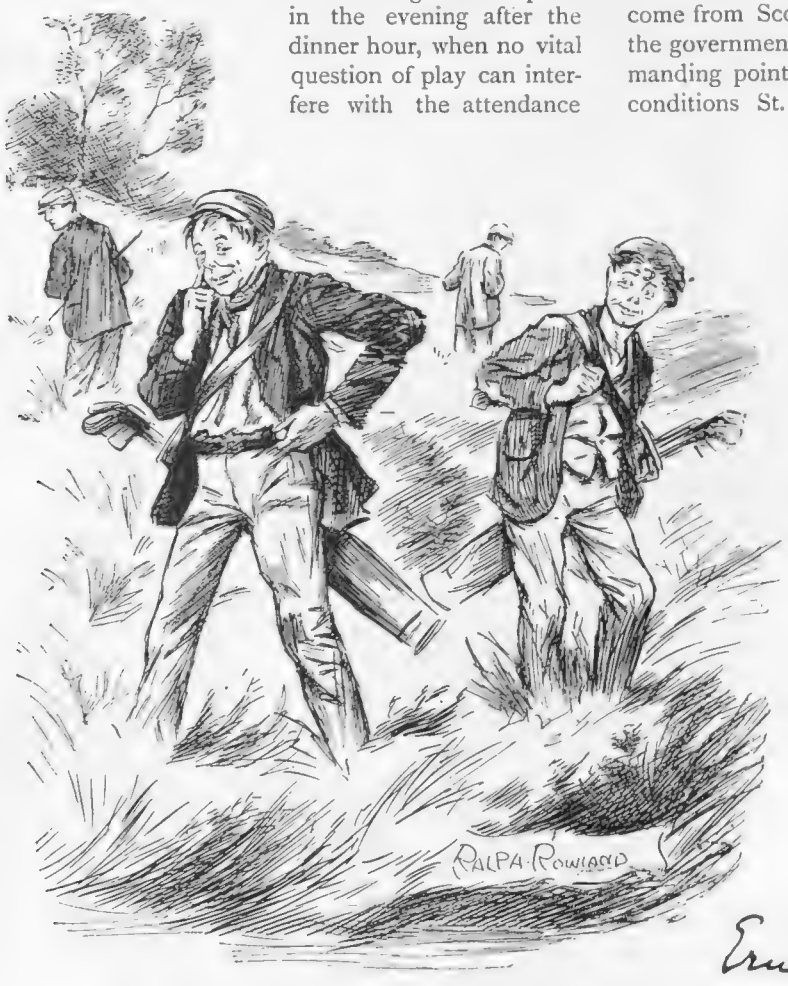
**Relative Positions**

Now how does St. Andrew's stand as compared with the M.C.C.? To begin with, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is not solely and entirely composed of golfers. It is partly a social club, and contains many members who never play golf at all, and know very little about the burning questions of the golfing hour. The club has two

meetings a year, one in spring and one in autumn, each meeting lasting a week, during which the assembled members play as much golf as possible, and think as little as may be of the subjects to be dealt with at the business meeting. Each business meeting takes place on the afternoon of the day preceding the medal day. Very few members are willing to give up their afternoon round on the business meeting day in order to ensure attendance thereat. Unless they have drawn an early number they must resign themselves to forfeiting their second round if they wish to take part in the legislation of the game. The result of all this is, that, often, very serious questions are decided in the absence of a great many of the active playing members of the club—those very members who are most likely to be in touch with the needs and aspirations of those calling for reform—and are settled by the votes of men who know nothing whatever about the game. It gives me very keen regret to have to record my profound conviction that the business meetings at St. Andrew's, as at present arranged, are taken at a time and in a form which make them the most inefficient instruments possible for the government of the game in its modern developments.

**Suggestions for Reform**

There are, it seems to me, two methods of altering the existing state of affairs for the better. The first method would be that of altering the time of the business meeting, and making it take place in the evening after the dinner hour, when no vital question of play can interfere with the attendance of members. Or it might be possible to separate local club matters from the wider questions of the government of the game, and devote the business meeting to the former, and have a special meeting on another evening of the week for the discussion of the graver and wider topics. It is no use devising Rules of Golf Committees, or New Committees "composed," to use the words of the editor of *Golf Illustrated*, "of members of the club who live either in or near London," if their decisions and recommendations are to be at the mercy of a business meeting of the club as inherently faulty in its arrangement and constitution as the present business meetings are. Nor can you expect the club ever to assent to derogate entire authority to any committee constituted from among its members. The club naturally and rightly retains the power for its members of approving or rejecting any proposals made by a committee of its own creation. So long, therefore, as you may agree to the club ruling the game, you must expect that the members will retain their power of assent or dissent in all questions affecting the government of the game.




Lost Ball!

**A Question of Geography**

I quite agree that another serious difference to the disadvantage of St. Andrew's, as compared with the M.C.C., is the geographical position of the club. But, after all, our opponents must remember that the game is Scottish, that all its best and soundest traditions come from Scotland, and that it is only natural that the government of the game should be at some commanding point in the land of its birth. Those conditions St. Andrew's amply satisfies. But the club, on their side, should remember their remoteness from a very active stream of modern thought and strenuous life in the game, and should do all in their power to make their administration as satisfactory and as fully representative as possible. I hold, then, that the first object of reformers should be to bring about some alteration in the constitution of the business meetings of the club, either by changing the hour of meeting, or by divorcing the consideration of the larger questions of the government and administration of the game from the purely local concerns of the club. Consideration of the creation of new committees, or of the widening of the attibutes and powers of the existing Rules of Golf Committee, will be idle until some such reform has been brought about.

Ernest Lehmann

**THE FALL OF THE YEAR**

*DRAWN BY THOMAS MAYBANK*

*Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.*

*The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.*

*Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages.*

**The Vanderbilt Cup**

The first international long-distance motor race in America recently took place over a course in Long Island. There were eighteen competitors, and France, as usual, secured the first and second places—Heath, on his big, square-nosed 90 h.-p. Panhard, with which he won the Circuit des Ardennes, covering the 302 miles in 5 hrs. 26 mins. 45 secs.; while M. A. Clément, driving an 80 h.-p. Clément, was only 1 min. 28 secs. behind him. Lytle, on an American Pope-Toledo, took the third place, but, as he was nearly an hour behind the first two, the States can hardly be said to have done well. The French competitors not only finished far ahead of anyone else, but they won each lap. Considering that Germany had no less than five 60 h.-p. Mercédès running, this is a remarkable victory, both for the French constructors and the Michelin tyres with which the winning cars were shod.

**A Burst Tyre**

One serious accident spoilt an otherwise successful meeting. Mr. George Arents, a young American, driving a 60 h.-p. Mercédès, had successfully completed two laps of the course. On the third round, however, the tyre on the front left wheel burst—causing the car to lurch sideways, skid round, and turn completely over. The mechanician, Meussel, was killed, and Mr. Arents at the time of writing is in a critical condition. Some of our daily papers seized upon this accident, and the usual headlines, "Motor Murder," "Shocking Accidents," etc., made their appearance on the contents bills.

**Skill Essential**

It is a delicate matter, no doubt, to criticise a driver who is, perhaps, by this time dead, but there can be little doubt that if the unfortunate Mr. Arents had been as expert as Messrs. Edge, Heath, Gabriel, or any of the leading racing men, he would have saved the smash, holding the machine on its course with his steering wheel. More especially am I confirmed in my opinion by the fact that Mr. Arents, who was steering, when he heard the tyre burst, leant over the side of the car and looked down to see what was wrong! No driver of a high-speed car can afford to take such a liberty; it is a cardinal rule that the helmsman's eyes should never, for one instant, lose sight of the track.

**A Plea for Pluck**

Public opinion is apt to condemn these international hell-for-leather contests, and I feel it is difficult in many ways to hold a brief for them. The handling of a high-speed 70-mile an hour racer is risky, I admit; only men of great experience and iron nerve can hope successfully to race a roaring 90 h.-p. Big game shooting, ballooning, and, in a measure, steeplechasing, are, however, in the same class. They make the same demands upon their votaries for skill and courage—irresolution or nervousness at the critical moment means an accident, perhaps a terrible death. Let us, then, in these days of luxury and possible decadence endeavour to preserve a branch of sport which calls forth in the highest degree those qualities which make a man a man.

**The Birth of the Modern Car**

Remember, too, that motor racing, with all its follies, accidents, and toll of life, has given us our modern petrol car. In their anxiety to be first, in the early days of the big French "Courses," the big firms strained every nerve to improve their design and increase the efficiency of their types. No new application of power has so quickly attained to practical perfection as the petrol motor. Racing alone has done it; and on this account, also, I would plead for a little tolerance for a sport which has been, anyhow in the past, of real value. There is, however, one proviso, and in this lies, I think, an admitted objection to motor racing: the public must not be endangered, and no real annoyance caused to other people—this leads me to my last word on the Vanderbilt race—management, organisation, and efficient control, such as our Automobile Club displayed in the Irish race, are essential to such meetings.

**The Spread of the Motor**

Motors are indeed travelling. Last week I had occasion to refer to its increasing use in Egypt and the Soudan. I hear now of a coming boom in India this winter. Lord Curzon is taking out a big car for use in Calcutta, while some Reliability Trials are to take place at Christmas between Bombay and Delhi. Amongst other prizes, his Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda is offering a handsome trophy, open only to amateurs. His cup will go to the car covering the 883 miles with the least number of unauthorised stops. When rajahs in State dress go a-motoring, the picturesque East does, indeed, join hands with the practical West.

**Mr. George Heath, the winner of the Vanderbilt Cup, and his 90 h.-p. Panhard**

In this car, which is fitted with Michelin tyres, Mr. Heath won the Circuit des Ardennes. In the race for the Vanderbilt Cup he started seventh, took the lead in the fourth lap, and finished first, completing the 302 miles in 5 hr. 26 min. 45 sec.

**That 3,000-Mile Race**

The great interest aroused on the Continent with regard to M. Charley's £2,000 prize continues. Reliable figures with regard to this Transatlantic race go far, however, to prove futility. For instance, Baron Henri de Rothschild, who is the President of the Committee, has contributed the following data to the columns of a French paper. He states, on the authority of naval officers who have crossed the Atlantic in torpedo boats, that a safe, sea-worthy boat must be at least eighty tons, and that its length should not be less than 135ft.

**A Trifle of 400 h.-p.**

Now, to drive such a boat at the required average speed of 15 knots, a 400 h.-p. motor is necessary, granting that the hull design is perfect, and that the best possible pattern of screw is employed. An engine of this size theoretically consumes nearly 450 grammes per horse-power per hour; allowing for waste and defective carburation, quite 500 grammes would, in practice, be required. Let calculations, however, be based on 350 grammes; the motor then uses 200 litres per hour, and 4,800 litres for the 24 hours. Averaging 15 knots per hour, the boat will take 12 days to reach New York, consuming on the voyage 58,000 litres of petrol.

**£880 in Petrol**

The possibility of bad weather and head-winds necessitate a reserve of spirit for, say, three days, so that another 14,000 litres must be carried. The amount of liquid fuel thus totals up to 72,000 litres. The petrol bill for each competitor would be, at current French prices, 22,000 francs, or £880! In addition to M. Charley giving the prize, one of the big oil companies could well afford to offer a handsome gold cup to the first boat to arrive, using their particular brand of spirit.

**Another 3,000 Miles**

Without involving Messrs. Jarrott-Letts in a £900 petrol bill the pair of Oldsmobile are surely completing their reliability run of 3,000 miles. While the weather was good at the beginning, after Newcastle it rained hard, and greasy, heavy roads had to be negotiated. This, however, made no difference to the little cars—barring small adjustments, non-stop runs being the rule. Up to the time of writing both cars have carried out the programme. May they finish fit and well.

**Motor Union to the Rescue**

There are few motorists who are in love with the new Act, but if a recent decision at the Croydon Court is good law, matters are worse than ever. Mr. Wallace Nott Sleigh, of Ashurst, Kenley, was summoned at Croydon for driving his motor-car over twenty miles per hour one night in September. On the evening in question, Mr. Sleigh was travelling along the London road towards the City. Police-constable Gibbs timed him, and (as usual) made the rate thirty miles an hour. The main point was whether a conviction could be obtained when the sole evidence was that of one officer with a watch. The magistrate decided that Gibbs' evidence, which was entirely uncorroborated, was that of fact and not of opinion. Defendant was, therefore, fined £2 and costs. This is a monstrous decision, and it is distinctly a case for the Motor Union to take up. Any constable can mark out a quarter-mile with a penny yard measure, and standing at one end time motorists with a cheap watch. Results obtained in this way are notoriously unreliable, and it is really shameful that any magistrate should convict on such untrustworthy evidence.

**M. Albert Clément on his 90 h.-p. Clément-Bayard, which came in second for the Vanderbilt Cup**

M. Clément, son of the well-known motor-car designer and constructor, achieved in this race a mean speed of 51.72 miles per hour. His car was fitted with Michelin tyres. A protest was lodged, on his behalf, for being penalised 1 min. 40 sec. at the Hempstead Control, when repairing the petrol tank, but it was disallowed

**Marie on Motoring**

"When not playing bridge," writes our moderate Marie Corelli, "Society's Sunday observance is motoring. Flashing and fizzling all over the place, it goes here, there, and everywhere, creating infinite dust, smelling abominably, and looking uglier than the worst demon in Dante's 'Inferno.'" Miss Corelli who makes quite a comfortable income out of exposing Society's sins and wickednesses, might have spared the poor motorists, they have such a few friends. As a sinful Sunday motorist, may I suggest that the first part of the criticism might almost be applied to the gifted author herself. Flashing and fizzling all over the place "she" goes here, there, and everywhere, creating infinite dust (of a moral nature), and very little else.

**The Vagrants' Guide**

Mr. Gill, in the recent Palmists' case, had occasion to refer to the Occultists' Defence League. That league advised its members on the great question, "How can we go on and yet avoid conviction?" "It is a sort of vagrants' guide," said counsel. It warned them just as tramps warned one another by signs as to what was good or bad country. Take these words to heart, my brother motor tramps, and help me to keep my "vagrants' guide" up-to-date. Let me have full particulars of any "bad country," remembering to travel at

TRAMP SPEED

Down the long hill at Cowfold, Brighton road.
Through the village of Minskip, near Boroughbridge (Yorks.).
Approaching Hatfield.
Entering Chelmsford (all main roads).
Leaving Southampton for London.
Approaching and leaving Kingston.
Across Wimbledon Common.
Approaching Wimbledon from Putney, half-way across the Common where the road dips.
Approaching York from Tadcaster (measured ½ mile).

Alfred C. Hunter

**The Course: The approach to Jericho City, Long Island**
Apparently the blasts of the horn had no effect on the stout walls of this city

*Photos by*] **Mr. George Arents, who met with a terrible accident** [*Levick*

Mr. Arents had successfully negotiated two laps in his 60 h.-p. Mercédès, seen in the illustration, when the tyre on the front left wheel burst, causing the car to lurch sideways, skid round, and turn completely over. The mechanician, Meussel, was killed, and Mr. Arents is suffering from terrible injuries

## THE RACE FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP

# RACING: KEMPTON PARK, OCTOBER MEETING

The start for the Nursery Handicap Plate of £880. Winner, Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's "Shanid Abu"

View of the Course from the Members' Enclosure

Lord Carnarvon's "Robert le Diable," winner of the Duke of York's Stakes

# RACING: THE CESAREWITCH STAKES

**The Race**

Roe O'Neil (on the left of the illustration) is leading, followed by Rondeau (on the right). Soon after this photograph was taken Wargrave came to the front and kept there, winning easily by a length and a half

**Mr. Horatio Bottomley's "Wargrave," winner of the Cesarewitch**

"Wargrave's" victory recalls and fulfils, at least, one part of an electioneering cry which has obtained great vogue among Mr. Bottomley's supporters in Hackney for which district he stands as candidate in the Liberal interest. His tip, so the story runs, was "Bottomley for Hackney, and Wargrave for the Cesarewitch"

# Impressions of Famous Restaurants

By LIEUT.-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS

## I.—THE CARLTON

When a man is waiting in a comfortable, beautiful, well-warmed palm-lounge, a lady has no hesitation in being as late as is convenient to her. I am punctual to the moment; but I doubt very much whether the little American grass-widow, a millionairess in her own right, who is doing me the honour to dine with me, has yet asked her maid for her gloves, and I am certain that her electric brougham has not yet started from her door.

It certainly is a charming place to wait in—this great court of palms—and it takes the sting from the proverbial *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner. The easy chairs, all deep green in colour, are restful to the eye as well as the body; the scarlet coats of the gypsy musicians are a welcome splash of violent colour amidst the foliage; along the line of the little windows which look on to the court is a bank of flowers; and the great china vases and the medallions which hang from the capitals of the creamy-brown marble columns, give an artistic finish to the great hall.

A stream of guests goes past me as I sit, up the little flight of marble steps and through the wide doors into the restaurant. I can see the bustle in the entrance-hall, the servants taking the hats and coats, the shaking of hands. Near me a dinner party has assembled, and with rustle of silk and soft laughter moves towards the steps. The band is playing a soft waltz. I wonder how late the little American is likely to be.

Here she is!

Naturally it was my fault, and I am sure that I did say half-past, and I am not at all cross, but am immensely complimented that Her Daintiness is wearing such a beautiful gown, and her turquoises and diamonds, which I know are historic jewels.

As my beautiful guest settles into her seat and takes off her gloves, after telling me that Tom is at work in Washington, and that her aunt hopes that she is going to stay with her in Paris, but that she prefers going to her brother, who is with his yacht at Villefranche, she remarks that she always enjoys dining at the Carlton, for it is as bright and charming as her own boudoir. I point out to her how this pleasant effect of lightness and delicacy is obtained, the delicate tracery of gold on the ceiling, the pillars of the lightest buff, the deep pink of carpet and chairs, the cut glass of the electroliers, the palms reflected in mirrors.

"And who is everybody who is dining here?" asks my guest, cutting me short; and as I cudgel my brain to fit names to faces she laughs, tells me that I know nobody, and points out the Ambassador who is giving a party, the group of Guardsmen, the Duchess dining with her sister and brother-in-law, the great French actress and her son, and a host of other celebrities.

Jacques, the *maître d'hotel*, is standing by the table waiting for us to look at the menu. I have left the selection of the dinner to Maître Escoffier, one of the finest cooks the world has ever seen—an artist to his finger-tips; only sending him a message by Jacques that the most charming lady in the world is dining with me, and that I want only a tiny dinner.

Here is the menu:

Caviar frais
Crêpes Muscovites

Crême d'Oursins de la Mediterranée

Mousselines d'Eperlans

Selle de Chevreuil aux Cerises

Ortolans sous la Cendre
Salade d'Asperges vertes

Suprême de Foie Gras au Champagne

Soufflé glacé aux Noix fraiches
Mignardises

"It was all as beautiful as a fairy tale," says the little American, when dinner is over, but I wonder if she really understands that half the world has been plundered to make her feast, and that to have composed a dinner so light and in such harmony is as artistic a triumph as to have painted a fine picture.

### "The Simple Life"

*(Dedicated to Mr. Eustace Miles)*

Shall we be fed in the future with chemical products? In the *Lancet* we are told that by passing a current of electricity through water impregnated with carbonic gas, a series of products can be obtained culminating in grape sugar. It is an easy jump of fancy for the *Lancet* to call up a future in which with chalk, air and water, and electricity, the food problem would be solved.—*Daily Paper.*

Does Edwin hesitate to name the day
When he can to his Angelina say;
"With all my worldly goods I thee endow,"
Fearful perchance of ways and means and how
He is to keep a wife and pay the rent?
Behold a scheme as if from heaven sent!
A pail of water and a button pressed—
The *Lancet* tells us how "to do the rest"!

For if it is as simple as it looks,
Why then there is no further need for cooks;
No need of having tables nicely laid;
Or having an expensive table-maid.
For, when grape sugar is your staple dish,
Instead of having soup or meat or fish,
And keeping up enormous kitchen fires,
You simply take a few electric wires;

Pass them through water that already has
Been impregnated with carbonic gas,
And there you are! Fish, meat, and sweets in one,
Ready to eat and never underdone!
(Add salt and pepper, if 'tis used as meat,
And cream if you desire to have a sweet).
See what it saves you, and you can—just think!
Stand and have dinner at the pantry sink!

Dinner at the Carlton—the Palm Lounge

# A Woman's Pocket Book

I see, from the placards in great evidence at present, and from advertisements in the magazines that before long another new paper is going to be published which is to be distinguished by the euphonious title of *The World and his Wife*. The name of a paper is really a very important matter, much more important than many people seem to think, and, while wishing *The World and his Wife* the best of luck, I cannot say that I am very much struck with its title. It is too much of a mouthful; and, when you come to think it over, what on earth does it mean? I dare say lots of people will say a name does not affect papers much, so long as the contents are all right; but, speaking for myself, the name of a paper influences me a good deal, and often induces me to look at its contents on the bookstall; consequently, if I catch the eagle eye of the bookstall clerk, I am induced to purchase it.

Talking of papers, what a tremendous quantity there are nowadays! Taking ladies' papers alone: ten years ago the choice was more or less restricted to the *Queen* or the *Lady's Pictorial*, and, perhaps, one or two more. But now there is little doubt that women are catered for to an extent that is not far short of marvellous. Taking the weekly papers alone, there are at least eight ladies' journals appealing to the better classes, as well as a multitudinous quantity for the mental refreshment of servant girls. Nor does this take into consideration the fact that there are several magazines for womankind. I suppose most of these papers prove remunerative, although for the life of me I cannot understand how there can be such a big demand as to keep them all going.

For if the truth be told, the average woman's paper is deadly dull, its stories are mostly insipid, and the printing, with one exception, is disgraceful. One gets little news, or little that is interesting, except photographs of nonentities who have been married and who like to see their portraits published, to the edification, no doubt, of their friends and relations; but one rarely finds in these papers matters of general interest, and anyone living in the country depending on them for a record of what is going on would be left sadly in the lurch. The fact is, however, that people do not depend on these ladies' journals for interesting pictures of occurrences, or for amusing chit-chat.

What, then, is the *raison d'être* of the journal for woman, since it does not amuse, nor does it even pretend to give an intelligent outlook on the world from a woman's point of view? I suppose we must confess that the only reason is the attention it gives to dress. Page after page of sylph-like forms are introduced to our gaze. The ideas they give are, of course, very useful, but are very much discounted by the fact that other papers, not intended solely as fashion books, give quite as much on the subject of dress as the average woman needs. In The Bystander, for instance, if I may say so, my colleague, Mrs. Jack May, who stands in the very front rank of writers upon dress, certainly gives as much information with regard to the coming modes, or the discarded ones, as the ordinary well-dressed woman can require. I firmly believe that the craze for women's papers before long will die out.

We are becoming more rational, or perhaps I should say, we are becoming more and more abreast of the times; and we want to be informed and amused just as much as our husbands and brothers do. I know many cases of my own friends who used to buy ladies' papers, and who have given them up for other and better instructed ones, declaring that in them they get just as much as they want about matters that interest them alone, and have the additional advantage of being interested and amused in the doings of the world outside of dress. To put the whole case in a nutshell, you do not get full value for your money in purchasing a ladies' paper, as a rule, and if I may make a cruel remark I should say that many catalogues presented free at most of the large shops often compare favourably with the sixpenny journal devoted to what is popularly supposed to be women's tastes.

Lady Phyllis.

A child study

The Bystander, October 19, 1904

THE
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ILLUSTRATED

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A GEM IN ARCHITECTURE AND POSITION (within an hour of Town, 600ft. above the sea, amidst the exquisite scenery of the Surrey Hills, surrounded by wooded and heathered commons, and near a favourite golf course).—For SALE, Furnished, for 3 years, a delightfully quaint Old English RESIDENCE, perfectly sheltered from cold winds, yet enjoying every ray of sunshine; splendid pure air and magnificent views, and on greensand soil. Lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, bath, and 11 bedrooms. Servants' hall and offices. Stabling for 6; 2 cottages. Terraced and Italian gardens, kitchen garden, vinery, orchard and paddock.—Further details, price, etc., of HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, Oxted, Surrey, and at 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W., who can strongly recommend from personal inspection.

**WIMBLEDON** (on the hill-slope).—£1,800 will buy an excellent FREEHOLD HOUSE, for a family, containing: 3 reception rooms, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms, one suitable for ¾-size billiard table, ground floor offices; conservatory, garden, with room for tennis. Or would be LET, at £95 per annum.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CLOSE TO BREEZY DOWNS.

NEAR GOLF LINKS.

**SURREY (Epsom)**, in this favourite district, with its excellent train service to and from Town.—For SALE, the above charming RESIDENCE, standing in beautiful old grounds and park land, approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance. It contains: lounge hall, 3 spacious reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling of 8 stalls, double coach-house, harness room, and ample accommodation for men; small farmery, cottage, etc.; well laid-out pleasure grounds, lawns, terrace walk, fully-stocked kitchen garden, vinery, etc., in all about 13 acres.—Price and further details on application to HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

DANGER OF FIRE. COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

**HAMPTON and SONS,**
EXPERT VALUERS, 2 and 3, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

It is not generally known that in the unfortunate event of a serious fire, a tabulated Inventory and Valuation of every item destroyed is always required by the Insurance Companies.

HAMPTON and SONS have valued the furniture, works of art, and general contents of many of the finest Homes in England and Scotland for Fire Insurance purposes, and have almost invariably found their clients under-insured to an alarming extent.

HAMPTON and SONS have a staff of experts prepared to make these valuations at specially moderate fees, and strongly recommend owners of valuable furniture, china, pictures, plate, etc., to at once take this very necessary precaution, which has already been the means of saving many thousands of pounds.

NORTH OF LONDON.
27 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

**TO BE SOLD**, a picturesque freehold RESIDENCE within seven minutes' walk of station on G.N. Ry. with excellent train service to the City. The Property is very well built, and the interior decorations are most artistic. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, pretty drawing room, dining room, study, lavatory, and w.c., with excellent offices; 7 bedrooms, well-fitted bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; electric bells throughout, telephones from principal rooms to servants' quarters. National telephone connected. Excellent stabling for 4, with married coachman's quarters over; well-wooded garden tastefully laid out, tennis lawn, terrace walk, etc. Modern drainage.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

8 MILES FROM THE COAST. 1½ HOURS OF LONDON.

**SUSSEX** (in bracing yet sheltered position, and close to main line station).—To be SOLD, or would be LET, beautifully Furnished, or Unfurnished, the above charmingly picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in its tastefully laid-out grounds of 7 acres, with pretty stream and trout-stocked lake. The Residence contains: oak-panelled hall, 3 large reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, and usual offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 6, with man's rooms over; gardener's cottage. Golf and hunting close a hand.—Strongly recommended from personal inspection by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

RENT, ONLY £140. NEWLY DECORATED.

**SOUTH HAMPSTEAD** (just out of Eton Avenue, and within a few minutes of Swiss Cottage).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a particularly good HOUSE, containing: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and excellent domestic offices; electric light; small garden.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES** and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Unfurnished Houses and Landed Estates.
II. Furnished Residences and Shootings.
III. Free Register of Town Houses.

ON HIGH GROUND, NORTH OF TOWN, A MOTOR DRIVE OF THE CITY.

**THE** above really delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE is to LET, Unfurnished, on advantageous terms. It was recently modernised, re-drained, and made thoroughly comfortable, at a cost of over £1,000, and is now in exceptional order throughout; the position is bracing and perfectly countrified, and the views charming. It contains square entrance and inner halls, drawing and dining rooms 27ft. by 20ft., morning room, study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices, with servants' hall; stabling for 8 horses; cottage for man; finely-timbered old grounds, shady tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glass, and park-like meadows of over 12 acres; more land adjoining can be had.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PLACE JUST IN THE MARKET.

27 ACRES. BILLIARDS. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

**35 MINUTES FROM TOWN WITH FAST** TRAIN SERVICE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position on high ground. It is approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: entrance hall, 15ft. by 7ft., gallery hall 30ft. by 14ft., charming drawing room, 30ft. by 14ft., opening to conservatory or winter garden, 36ft. by 17ft. 6in., dining room, 22ft. by 15ft., morning room, study, and complete domestic offices, including servants' hall, upper hall, 38ft. by 23ft., fitted and used for billiards, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4, 2 double coach-houses, and man's room over; laundry; electric light throughout; motor-house. The delightful old grounds are beautifully timbered, and comprise: tennis and other lawns, with spreading cedars, prolific walled kitchen garden, orchard, vineries, cucumber, tomato and melon houses; a stream runs through the grounds, and a wood affords many delightful walks: 2 paddocks, piggeries, poultry sheds, and useful outbuildings; 13 acres of arable land let off at 50s. an acre; main water and drainage. Rent, only £140, small premium, or would be LET at an increased rent of £200; usual valuations.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WIMBLEDON COMMON.

**EXCEPTIONALLY** well-built and fitted Georgian RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, large kitchen, and offices on ground floor; pretty garden, with noble cedar tree; sunny aspect; gravel soil. Rent, £195. Price, Freehold, £3,950.—Illustrated particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

# HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone Nos. 1971 Kensington, 5751 Westminster

## ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

**BROADSTAIRS** (on the North Foreland Estate). — Two Charming FREEHOLD DETACHED RESIDENCES, known as "Forelands," and "The Bays," in a magnificent position, commanding fine sea views. Also 9 beautiful BUILDING SITES for the erection of good Residences; 2 golf links near, sea fishing and bathing from private bay.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will sell the above at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, October 24, 1904, at 2. Plans and particulars of Messrs. J. T. Freeman and Co., 110, Cannon Street, and of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.)

32 ACRES. £2,000, FREEHOLD.

**SUFFOLK** (within a few minutes of a station).—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, the above RESIDENCE, standing in fine old matured grounds of about 2 acres. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, and good offices; ample well-built stabling, 2 cottages, farm buildings, and about 30 acres of land, the whole forming a compact little estate. Price, £2,000. — Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,631)

PRICE £1,400, FREEHOLD.

**SUSSEX, HEATHFIELD** (within easy reach of station).—To be SOLD, a charmingly-situated FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing over 500ft. above sea level, in its own grounds of about an acre, including pretty flower garden, kitchen garden, paddock, etc; also extra land can be had adjoining; it contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and excellent domestic offices.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,507)

### TOWN HOUSES

**HARRODS (Ltd.)** are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE PARK.

**VERY** handsomely furnished and well-decorated TOWN HOUSE to be LET, with immediate possession if required. The accommodation comprises: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 large reception rooms, lounge hall, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, 500 gns. for a year, including stabling for 4 horses, and good rooms over.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

**CADOGAN ESTATE.**—A well-built modern RESIDENCE to be LET, with immediate possession. The accommodation comprises: 8 bedrooms, 3 excellent reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, £225 per annum; no premium.—Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

VERY WELL FURNISHED AND APPOINTED.

**OVINGTON SQUARE.**—To be LET, Furnished, for the Winter. The accommodation comprises: 6 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and very full domestic offices: good housemaid left. Rent, 8 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A BARGAIN.

**EARL'S COURT (No. 39, Penywerne Road)**, within 3 minutes of the station; containing: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete offices. Lease 67 years; ground rent, £15. To be SOLD by Private Treaty, and if not thus sold will be offered by Auction on October 24 next.—Particulars of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FULL-SIZE BILLIARD ROOM.

**MAIDA VALE** (just off).—A very well-built Modern RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 8 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices; electric light and every modern convenience. Rent, only £140 per annum. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO HUNTING MEN AND OTHERS.

**WILTS** (near Chippenham).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage drive, and standing in we l laid-out and matured grounds and gardens, including 2 tennis lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, and field, in all about 10 acres. The House contains: entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 4 horses, coach-house, groom's rooms, and cottage; excellent hunting six days a week.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS.

**SURREY, near Do king** (within 10 minutes of a station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a beautiful RESIDENCE, in an ideal position, commanding magnificent and extensive views over the surrounding picturesque country. It is approached by a pretty carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and standing in its own exceptional, beautiful, well-timbered grounds of about 4 acres, including tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, herbaceous borders, shrubberies, shady walks and well-stocked kitchen garden, together with the enjoyment of 2 acres of pine woods. The accommodation comprises: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and excellent offices. Stabling for 3 horses, etc.—Inspected and most confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,887)

Telegrams: "OWENISME London"

# OWEN WALLIS & CO.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair

## ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

SANDHURST AND CAMBERLEY.

**£1,100.**—In a fine open position, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station and in a good social neighbourhood. To be SOLD (might be LET), a first-rate RESIDENCE, standing well back from road, and containing: entrance hall, drawing, dining, and morning rooms, kitchen and offices; 7 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, etc. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, etc. Two-stall stable, coach-house with loft, and man's room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.

**NEWBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD.** — Gravel soil. 400 ft. above sea. 2 miles from golf. To be SOLD, a very attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with beautiful views, and splendidly fitted with parquet and oak block floors, panelled ceilings, etc. Contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices. Sanitary arrangements renewed. Gas and water laid on. Excellent stabling, outbuildings, and studio. Prettily-timbered and shrubbed gardens, croquet and tennis lawns, kitchen-garden, greenhouse, orchard, paddock, and pond, in all about 8 acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,200 OR NEAR OFFER.

**PETERSFIELD** (near).—In a healthy, picturesque, and good social neighbourhood, close to the South border of a large expanse of forest, 1¼ miles from station, village church, and post office, and under two hours from town. Two packs of hounds hunt the district and shooting might be hired. The HOUSE stands on sandy soil, about 270 ft. above sea, with extensive views, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling for 3; good and productive kitchen garden, terrace, lawn, pond, paddock, and 3 acres of wild woodland, in all about 6½ acres in extent.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SANDY SOIL. CHARMING SITUATION.

HAMPSHIRE.

**£2,000,** FREEHOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, picturesque HOUSE, 5 miles from station and 4 from Hindhead. Contains: 3 large sitting rooms, large studio, 7 or 8 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, and large outbuildings; church and post-office under 1 mile; good social district; 2 acres of garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, large greenhouse; grass land adjoining could be Rented or Purchased.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

**COBHAM** (one of the choicest spots in Surrey, in close proximity to the famous pine woods and heather and gorse-clad country).—For SALE, exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE, with half-timbered gables and mullioned windows, and surrounded by about 2½ acres of delightful grounds. About a mile from station, and the accommodation comprises: sitting hall with inglenook, dining and drawing rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; excellent stabling.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

220 FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

**NEAR SUSSEX COAST**, most delightful views of the sea, Downs, and surrounding country; near good shops, church, telegraph office, etc.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, capital RESIDENCE, with fine open situation, and containing: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, billiard, and 3 reception rooms; ample stabling, and 6 acres of pleasure grounds and paddock.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

**Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.**

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

NEAR YORK.

A FINE HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD**, one of the most ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in perfect order throughout. The HOUSE is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting; rich pasture land.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence.—Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

COUNTRY HOUSE IN A GOOD HUNTING DISTRICT.

**WILTSHIRE.**—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a RESIDENCE in good repair and standing on high ground with views. Drawing room 20ft. 6in. by 16ft., dining room 17ft. by 16ft., morning room 16ft. by 15ft. opening into conservatory, smoking room domestic offices, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc. Hot and cold water and gas laid on. Stabling for 10 horses. Ornamental pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fish pond with fountain, glasshouses, and orchard. Hunting with the Badminton, South and West Wilts, V.W.H., etc. Golf links. Trout fishing and shooting. Price, £2,850. Rent, £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY ABOUT ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

**£4,500** will purchase this charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, complete in every detail, and ready for immediate occupation. The well-planned HOUSE stands in pretty and well-timbered grounds of nearly 2 acres, all laid out as gardens. Accommodation: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and well-fitted offices. In first-rate repair. Gas laid on. Stabling for 3 horses, cottage. Near 2 stations with excellent train service. Specially recommended.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Estate Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,681)

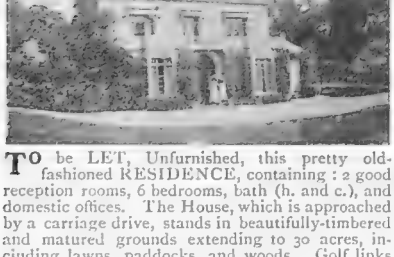
35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

**HERTS.**—To be SOLD, to close an estate, an exceedingly attractive HOUSE, standing in its own grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, etc. Stabling. Well-stocked garden, 2 paddocks, etc., 2½ acres in all. Price, only £1,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,572)

COUNTRY HOUSE WITH 10 ACRES.

**ON THE BORDERS OF HERTS.**—One hour of town, to be SOLD a modern RESIDENCE of attractive appearance. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6 horses, gardens and meadow land. Price, £2,750, or would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,483)

IN THE HIGH, HEALTHY, AND PICTURESQUE GERRARD'S CROSS DISTRICT. ON GRAVEL SOIL.



**TO** be LET, Unfurnished, this pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 2 good reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and domestic offices. The House, which is approached by a carriage drive, stands in beautifully-timbered and matured grounds extending to 30 acres, including lawns, paddocks, and woods. Golf links within 2 miles. Stabling for 8. Rent, £160 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,669)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

**THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS,** Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S THREE AUCTION GALLERIES, which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

SALES ON OWNERS' PREMISES are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

**VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE ACT, 1894,** for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

SMALL COMPACT ESTATE ABOUT ONE HOUR OF LONDON.

**TO BE SOLD,** a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 75 acres (half arable and half pasture), intersected by a running stream, and including a charming modern RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, and approached through an avenue of trees. 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc. Well-fitted and in perfect order and repair. Stabling and agricultural buildings. Good orchard, garden, and grounds. Shooting, hunting, and fishing. No objectionable surroundings. Price, £4,200, Freehold.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2 604)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

**TO BE LET,** Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.—Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below (F 583)

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN. STATION 1 MILE. 540 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAVEL SOIL. GOLF.

**SURREY.**—To be SOLD, Freehold, or LET, Unfurnished, a thoroughly well-built GEORGIAN MANSION, standing in park land of nearly 45 acres. Accommodation: 7 reception and billiard rooms, chapel, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall and usual offices. Stabling for 7 horses, laundry, farmery, bailiff's house, 2 lodges, well-timbered pleasure grounds, fish pond, range of glasshouses, etc. Company's water. Good hunting. Golf links 1 mile.—Price, rent, photos, and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,674)

FIRST-RATE SPORTING ESTATE. INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN SHOOTING, FISHING, HUNTING, AND GOLF.

**TO BE SOLD,** in a favourite county, 2 hours from Town, a fine SPORTING PROPERTY of about 3,000 acres, in a ring fence, including 500 acres of covert. The House is in perfect order, with electric light installed, and has just been re-decorated throughout. Inspected by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. Photo and plan at offices.

SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS and old garden, inside the 4-mile cab radius.

**TO BE SOLD,** Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

**OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK** (Ulster Terrace; by order of the Executors).—One of the very few available HOUSES in this favourite district to be LET or SOLD immediately. It contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage; electric light.—Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,195)

½-HOUR NORTH OF LONDON, MAIN LINE Early Elizabethan House in perfect order.

**TO BE SOLD,** a delightful PROPERTY, upon which the owner has spent many thousands, and is prepared to lose, although the position of the House, with its picturesque character and old oak panelling, show judicious expenditure that the money has been well spent. 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms. Stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,668)

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN. STATION 1 MILE. GOLF, HUNTING, AND FISHING.

**TO BE SOLD,** or LET, Unfurnished, in a lovely district quite in the country, the above picturesque and thoroughly well-built RESIDENCE, standing high on a southern slope of a hill, in grounds of 4½ acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; modern drainage; Company's water and gas laid on: stabling for 2 horses. Extra land can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,140)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

**TO BE LET OR SOLD.**—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive; 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,605)

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY

**FOR SALE,** below cost, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid-out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn; billiard and 2 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PLACE IN SUSSEX.

**£2,500** for a Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 20 acres, with a well-built House ready for immediate occupation. Beautiful views. 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling and farmery. Lawns, gardens, and excellent pasture. Would be sold with less land. Specially recommended.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9. CONDUIT STREET. LONDON. W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).

**THE ABOVE CHARMING HOUSE,** delightfully positioned on high ground in beautiful part of Sussex, for SALE with 17 acres of lovely grounds, stabling, cottage, and entrance lodge. Magnificent views extending to the Channel. Considerably reduced price. Inspected. —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,061)

**HORSHAM and GUILDFORD** (between).—Picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, modernised, to be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished. Beautiful gardens; stabling and meadow, about 37 acres; 13 bed and dressing, oak-beamed saloon hall, good reception rooms; electric light. Charming country. 2½ miles from station. Moderate terms.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,098)

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

**DERBYSHIRE** (2 miles from important Town, with excellent train service).—To be SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 110 acres, with handsome Mansion, which cost about £50,000, stands 350 ft. above sea level; stabling, 2 lodges, and outbuildings, park, extensive lake, and farmery. Produces £400 per annum, exclusive of house. Price to prompt buyer, £14,000.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE. (19,680)

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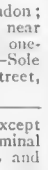

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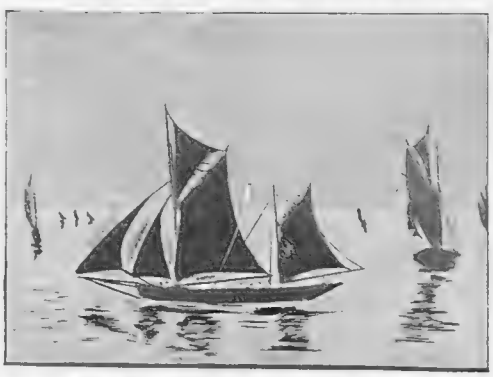

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In the SMALL CAR TRIALS, these Tyres were fitted to a Jackson Dog-cart, and RAN RIGHT THROUGH THE TRIALS.

**J. Liversidge & Son, Ltd.,** 196, Old Street, E.C., &c.

(Contractors to H.M. Government.)

# FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

"How nice you women are beginning to look." We bowed our thanks, and accepted the praise for all it was worth. For experience has taught even Ambrosine—who looks sufficiently youthful to be susceptible to some slight modicum of flattery—that the opposite sex invariably admire their own womankind in new clothes Frequently the latter are not by any means as actually becoming as those which have been discarded, but the one unpardonable sin with one's husband, brother, and own particular friend, is familiarity. That invariably breeds contempt, and blinds them to any sort of justice.

**A Renovated Chapeau**

I speak with feeling, for I have a small personal grievance in connection with a chrysanthemum mauve beaver felt hat. It is quite a good hat, the best beloved shade of the hour, of becoming shape, the low crown wreathed with shaded red and mauve roses, nestling in a bed of mauve and red tulle, and yet, because it chances to have been bought last year, it is condemned. Of what use, however, to have been born a woman if one cannot rise to some ingenious circumventing ruse, and mine jumped to the eye, as the saying has it, in a plethora of closely kilted velvet ribbon ruches, delightfully manœuvred to run the gamut of those lovely chrysanthemum mauves and reds, finishing a little to the left side of the back with an avalanche of loops and ends.

These tight little velvet ruches are charming, the prettiest and most effective millinery accessories we have had for some time, and as they take an appreciable amount of material, are not likely to be too speedily annexed by the populace. Indeed, in many ways is the elect millinery of the moment exempt from cheap plagiarism. All the most desirable shapes require to be worn with so much knowledge and skill, the whole onus of success resting on a correct poise, that they are mercifully voted as hideous by the average Britisher, whose scorn for transformations, or even hair frames, amounts to something almost righteous.

A tailor-made fine Flannel Shirt
*(Sketched at Shoolbred's)*

**Messrs. Shoolbred's**

The autumn show is now in full swing, to the infinite appreciation of those who, for long now, have tested and proved in no wise wanting this most excellent Emporium. Among the lesser items, Ambrosine and I were much struck by the persuasiveness of some black sequin slips and Bridge coats, quite absurdly cheap. In fact, *12s. 6d.* is the commencing price, and one and all represent the ideal quiet *demi* toilette confection that merely asks the completing touch of fastidious femininity to render it a joy for—at least a season, and longer we do not ask a possession to last.

Then *dos a dos* with these things essentially chiffon, in Shoolbred's shirt department, where that ladies' tailor-made shirt of theirs is going strong. Of course, in suitable materials, such as printed orlwoola, viyella, satin laine — enchanting designs prevailing in the latter.

For golfing, motoring, and the like, there are some Tattersall checks, quite the smartest ideas imaginable, and more dainty perhaps, and genuine in character, are the cashmerettes and Indian kashmirs, together with a quality entitled melaine, a mixture of wool and

# MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

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**ALL AT EXCEPTIONAL PRICES.**

The whole of the stocks are perfect goods manufactured during the slack season, and in the critical state of the markets at the present time can be strongly recommended as of very exceptional value.

# JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.,

**Tottenham Court Road, London, W.**

A new Corset for a slender figure

cotton, and which consequently washes perfectly. Influenced, undoubtedly, by the return to the severe type of tailor-made suits, this shirt at Shoolbred's is going up in leaps and bounds, all the world speaking of its excellence, and besieging the department for speedy supplies.

At present there stands a range of, roughly speaking, about 1,000 patterns, which, additionally to those already mentioned, include several velveteen varieties. And once again I feel it incumbent on me to add a further word of commendation on the self-measurement forms, which, together with the entire stock of patterns, is sent post free on application, and a fit guaranteed without a personal visit; which latter is a detail Colonial and foreign readers will do well to note.

Then, under the same enterprising head, come gloves, an unprecedented attempt having been made, and be it said *en passant*, most successfully achieved, to provide the cosy, practical glove at a reasonable price, these comprising *gants*, fur-lined and fur-covered, knitted muffetees, and some supremely excellent woven gauntlet gloves, for ladies, in vicuna wool; the gauntlets to these reach almost up to the elbow, and have a furry look imparted to them by the combing up of the wool; while yet another feature of this most notable departure is the stockinette band that clips the wrist and keeps the whole affair taut and neat. But one readily perceives how the aim throughout has been to mate the practical with the presentable in this regard.

### Extravagant Simplicity

How always appealing is that splendid simplicity, the result only of an extreme extravagance. There is nothing to equal it, and there was never an hour in modistic history, when the virtues could be more fitly expressed, than at the present. We have velvets, brocades, rich satins and silks, all fabrics prepared to offer themselves up to the shrine of Madame Simplicity. As I write, a vision passes before me of a velvet and fur-clad woman, the first of a soft mole shade, disposed in the form of a Redingote, the great sleeves beruffled with mole lace and *plissé* chiffon, and the peltry taking the always persuasive form of a large cape pelerine with stole ends, and a huge granny muff of sable. And this attire is surmounted by a Morland hat of mauve felt, the crown whereof carried the decreed corrugated arrangement of ribbon velvet, while the brim was raised off the face in front by a pleated cap of old lace, which was again requisitioned for the strings, enveloped in a cloud of mauve tulle. The temptations to be picturesque are unparalleled, and it assuredly behoves us to work the oracle in face of the usually unpicturesquely disposed cold weather. And now a particular word about corsets at

### Debenham and Freebody's

Whether we desire them or no, new corsets are becoming an imperative necessity. There is just that scintillation of change which appears so trifling, and is so desperately important, the scintillation that spells success or the reverse to our new close-fitting gowns, with long pointed fronts, and slightly raised bust-line. The latter is almost imperceptible, but it is there, nevertheless, and no one with whom we have discussed the question appears to have grasped the new order of things in all their indescribable subtlety better than Madame Zilva, the presiding genius of the corset department at Wigmore Street.

Madame Zilva has a personal charm all her own, and it is a liberal education to talk with her on her chosen subject. Together with one or two others of her *confrères* (but the clique is a small one) she works on entirely individual methods, personally cutting, fitting, and generally supervising every model emanating from her workroom. Notwithstanding which, she contrives constant little trips over to Paris, to keep herself absolutely in touch with the latest, and it was fresh from one of these we caught her, brimming over with enthusiasm of the general change that is coming about.

There is a new corset for a slender figure that seems to epitomise everything we understand by grace and elegance, as may be gathered from the adjoined sketch. And this model, together with many others, can be had with either long or short hips. Madame Zilva continues to lay great stress also on the silk woven Le Merveille corset, as ideally comfortable wear, after a long day's hunting, motoring, or golfing, with a tea or reception gown. And really everyone in any special predicament, so to say, or in a state demanding individual understanding, should go and consult Madame Zilva, who has got her vocation at her finger tips.

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# Bridge : By Problematicus

## A NEW COMPETITION: FIRST PRIZE, TEN GUINEAS

Many enthusiasts, of course, believe that a fine, sunny spring or summer's day, if you can begin soon after breakfast, is the proper and fitting time for Bridge. They like to sit down to the table warmed by the sense that they have before them sixteen hours, barring short intervals for meals, free for meritorious struggle. For our part, though we feel that there is much to be said for their strenuous point of view, we are inclined to think that the life even of an enthusiast should be diversified by exercise in fresher air than usually surrounds the Bridge table. It is, of course, easy and even wise on the enthusiast's part to set up a Whitely Exerciser against one side of the room, and during those unoccupied intervals when he is dummy, get moderate exercise out of that useful but hardly exhilarating implement. But it is difficult to do this regularly and steadily during the short sixteen hours of the Bridge day; for at times the game is in such an interesting condition that he is unable to tear himself away from the play of the hand, even to secure the sane body to hold his sane mind. And it is even more distressing that the tedious habit of the wind of blowing the cards about makes an abundant supply of fresh air impossible.

Most, however, of our readers do not carry enthusiasm to these heights. They regard Bridge with a less impassioned fervour, considering it chiefly a recreation in which you do not indulge till after the sport or occupation of the day. Accordingly, seeing that the evenings have drawn in considerably since we began our holiday competitions, we shall, in next week's issue (October 26), begin a more serious competition. It will be a longer competition with a bigger prize. We shall make it a rubber of four hands; one hand a week for four weeks. For the best solution of the play of the rubber, we shall give a PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS. For *each* of the next three best solutions, we shall give a prize consisting of a BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Case, containing playing-cards, markers, rules, etc.; and to the next ten competitors, we shall give ten consolation prizes, each consisting of two packs of the charming BYSTANDER playing-cards.

We shall continue to follow our practice of keeping the hands exercises in sound play, rather than puzzles only soluble by the patient expert. We have observed, very distinctly, that the play of competitors in our earlier competitions has improved by the exercise of working them out, and we propose to keep this competition also of such a kind that, while the prize is easily within the reach of the careful, moderate player, if he or she fail to gain it, they will, at any rate, have lost nothing by their efforts, but, rather, made a distinct advance in the game. Moreover, we do not propose to bother our competitors with any enclosing of coupons: we propose to give them as little trouble in the matter of sending in their solutions as possible. They can work out the solution of the hand given each week during the week in which it comes out, or wait till the fourth hand is published, and work out the play of the whole rubber at once. We shall require no solutions to be sent in before all the hands of the rubber have been published.

But we should like it borne in mind that this first rubber will be something in the nature of an experiment. If it is well supported by our readers, we shall follow it, with as little delay as possible, with another rubber, with the same prizes.

# The Menu

This week, in place of a regular menu for a breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, I give a few recipes which often come in useful.

### ROAST PIGEONS AND ORANGE SALAD

Roast the pigeons carefully, with a vine leaf on the breast, baste with butter, and serve when done with a clear brown gravy and orange salad, prepared as follows: Rub a salad bowl with a glove of garlic; take two endives, some minced shallot, a small lettuce, and two oranges, peeled and cut into small thick pieces; tear the endives into shreds, add the lettuce and shallot, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil; salt and pepper to taste; mix thoroughly; then add the strips of orange, a tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, ditto cream; mix with the hands and serve immediately. N.B.—All salads must be carefully washed and dried till not a drop of moisture remains.

### SAVOURY OMELETTE

Beat up three or four eggs with one dessertspoonful of parsley very finely minced, season with pepper and salt. Put 2 oz. butter in the omelette pan; as soon as it is melted, pour in the mixture. Stir it with a shallow spoon, and do not cease scooping it from the sides and bottom until it is getting set. Mix in the butter as you do so; it must never stick to the pan. It should be soft and not quite set when you slide it gently into a hot dish.

### SAVOURY EGGS

(A nice Breakfast Dish)

Mince a little cooked ham—or, better still, pass it through the mincing machine—flavour with very finely-chopped parsley, and add pepper and salt to taste. Line two or three small cups with butter, and press the minced ham and parsley well on to the bottom and sides of the cups; break an egg for each one, very carefully so as not to break the yolk, then pour gently. Put one egg into each cup, cover with paper, and steam for about a quarter of an hour. Serve on a piece of buttered toast.

### POUDIN À LA CARDINAL

Make a custard with five eggs (the yolks and whites whisked separately), ½ pint of cream, 4 oz. of castor sugar, and 1 oz. of breadcrumbs; add 4 oz. of glacé cherries, and a pinch of salt; beat for ten minutes; fill a buttered pudding mould with this mixture, steam for an hour and a half, and serve with wine sauce.

### PETITS GOÛTS DE SARDINES FUMÉES.

Bone six smoked sardines, and pound them in a mortar with ½ oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a squeeze of lemon juice, and plenty of cayenne pepper; spread on some thin water biscuits; bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve, with powdered parsley sprinkled over them. EMILIA.

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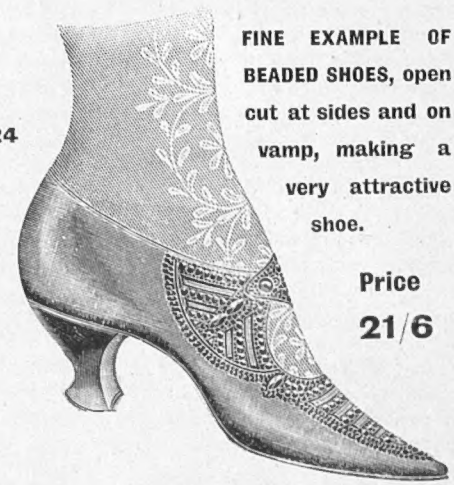

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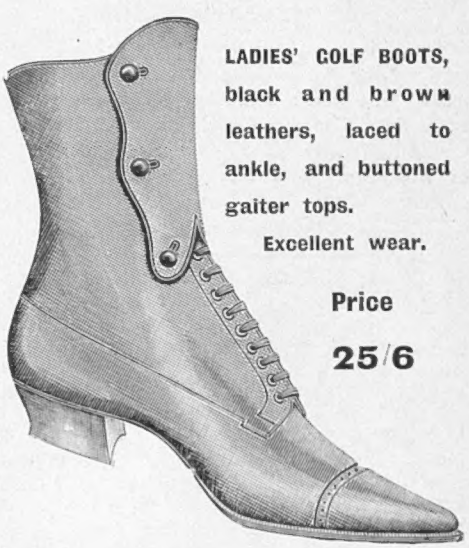

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# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### The "Metzler" AI Piano-player

The populace were not slow in grasping the potentialities of the mechanical piano-player. The purchase of one of these instruments was generally the prelude to insisting on all one's friends buying one likewise. They were sceptical at first about the wonderful expression which could be obtained by means of a piano-player. But hearing is believing, and the sceptics, after their first introduction to the instrument, went away enchanted with the results. Another important step in the progress of the piano-player was made when musicians commenced to endorse the verdict of the populace. Sir Frederick Bridge confessed his surprise at a meeting of the Society of Arts not long since in terms which ought to crown the success which the piano-player has won in the world of music. "We have heard," said he, after a recital on the "Metzler," "a piece of Beethoven played without any wrong notes. To begin with, that is something. We have had no wrong notes, and we have had a remarkable deal of expression. With regard to the general result of this evening, it has been a surprise and an interest to me, and I am quite sure that there is no reason why this great invention should not be an immense factor in the spread of really good music—for it comes to that." With such recognition from a great authority, the success of the piano-player is assured.

### The Savoy Restaurant

Sunday is becoming a very popular evening for small dinner parties at the Savoy Restaurant. Amongst the visitors there on Sunday last were: Lord Cork, Lord Crewe, Lord Kinmore, Lady Meux, Countess Torby, Sir Marcus Samuel, Sir E. Jones, Comte Kesler, etc. The Grand Foyer, where the famous Eco di Napoli orchestra was performing, presented a brilliant scene.

### The Midland Hotel, Manchester

We learn that Mr. Alphonse Gèrard, late of the Café Royal and Criterion, has undertaken the charge of the French Restaurant and Dining Room at the Midland Company's magnificent hostelry at Manchester. The announcement we are able to make will give a great deal of pleasure to the many business men and others who, when they visit "Cottonopolis," patronise a hotel so famed for its good cheer.

### St. Paul's Schools

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